

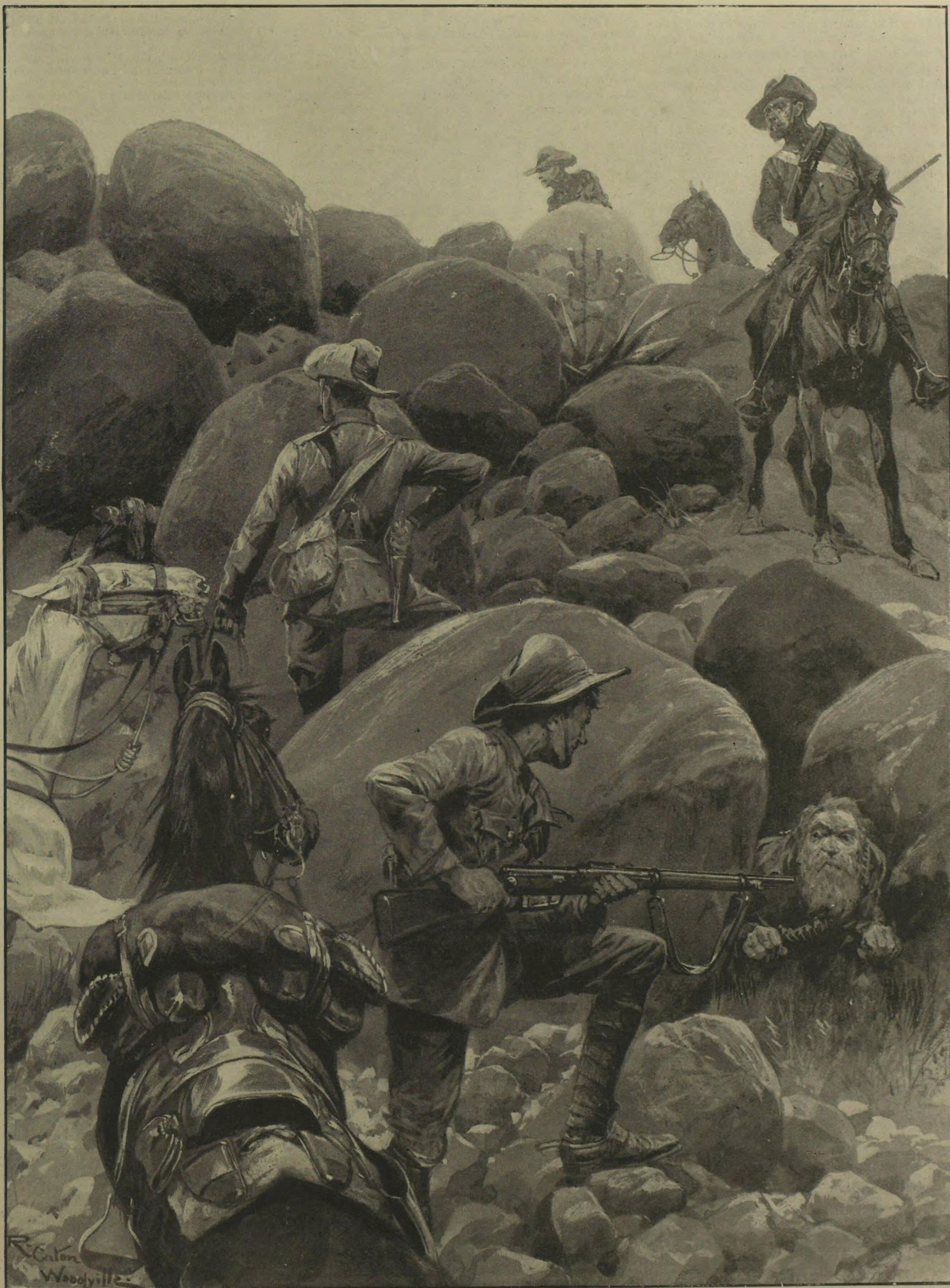
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA: A BRITISH SOLDIER DETECTING A FUGITIVE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

A writer in *Cornhill* says he used to know our London Bohemia rather more than a quarter of a century ago. He went out to Assam to plant tea, and when he came home again the Bohemia of his youth had become dull and respectable. In happier days men used to congregate at the club to eat a simple but bountiful dinner that cost two shillings; and when it was over they applied themselves with energy to the main business of the evening, which was talk. Yes, you would sit down with twenty men, all bent upon exchanging ideas. What has become of those ideas? "Nowadays," mourns the gentleman from Assam, "I am told there is no conversation. It is *l'éternel féminin* which has destroyed the practice. Women are everywhere, and you can't converse with women." This is misanthropy. The ladies who grace Bohemian banquets at the Hotel Cecil or the Holborn Restaurant are surely capable of speech. The gentleman from Assam alludes in disparaging terms to one of these entertainments. Is it possible that he sat next to a lady who had driven a coach-and-four through Assam, and written a book, profusely illustrated, about the expedition?

"You can't converse with women." Methinks I detect a tinge of personal bitterness in that sweeping censure. If I were a traveller, and had packed my transport for a voyage to Mexico, it might excite pique even in this generous bosom to meet Mrs. Alec Tweedie at dinner, and hear her discourse upon Mexican customs. Probably I should go home, unpack the transport, and spend a few days searching a capacious atlas for some remote spot still unvisited by woman. Mr. Savage Landor went to Tibet, and suffered tortures, solely to provide himself with topics of conversation in which woman could not forestall him. When a man can command the ear of a dinner-party by this impressive opening, "As I lay roasting on a gridiron in Tibet one summer evening," he may, for a time, feel safe from feminine competition. But only for a time! One of these days a fragile young thing with eyes of the gazelle will murmur with enchanting sweetness, "Talking of thrilling experiences reminds me of the tiger I hypnotised in the jungle while I took out all his teeth. He became quite tame, and followed me about, and at meal-times I used to fit a set of false teeth into his jaws. It was great fun." When you hear that, you will give up your favourite project of shooting big game in Hindustan, and write an article to show that dinner-parties have become intolerable because one cannot exchange ideas with women.

There is a lady who is highly qualified to give conversation an educational turn. She is a great stickler for accuracy of speech, and writes compassionately in *Cornhill* of people who talk of "paying calls," of "going to the theatre," and of having "the toothache." It would be pleasant to sit next to her at dinner, and win her approbation by anecdotes of "a toothache," and of "going to the play." "I know people," she says, "who cannot bring themselves to speak of the Royal Academy as 'the Academy,' any more than they would talk about 'the Row.'" How delightful to show her unobtrusively that you are one of those fastidious persons! It is my unlucky fate never to have met anyone who talked of Rotten Row with authority and refused to abbreviate its style. Nor have I met the oracles who say "valsing" when they mean "waltzing," and set down the phrase "going to Court" as a vulgarism. When Touchstone says to William, "Wast ever at Court, shepherd?" he ought to say, "Have you been to a Levée?" The arbiter in *Cornhill* is pained by the mystery that attaches to the title of "Honourable." It belongs to a life peer's son, who takes precedence of Baronets; but he cannot put it on his card, and to address him as "Honourable John" would cause a titter, though, if a Baronet, he would be "Sir John" to all the world.

This is one of the social problems that sow the path of virtue with thorns. Another of them must be puzzling the German journalist. Prince Henry of Prussia told the assembled editors of New York that the Kaiser had compared them to German generals. The assembled editors were not gratified by the compliment, for to them the general is not the embodiment of all human grandeur. But in Germany the journalist is not thus elevated, and the distinction drawn between him and his American comrades must strike him as invidious. I expect to hear that he has published his discontent, and has been sent to ruminate on his presumption in a fortress. When the Emperor William I. made Bismarck a general, he said, "This is the highest honour I can confer upon you." It was nothing to him that Bismarck happened to be the foremost statesman in Europe. In Germany it is the business of the general to put the editor in jail, and in America it is the business of the editor to teach the general the art of war. Let us hope the Kaiser's compliment to the American editors will not of itself suffice to bring about hostilities between Germany and the United States.

I sympathise with the editors who are striving to restrain certain statesmen from the use of metaphors. Those ornaments of speech should be confined strictly to the newspapers. They are comparatively harmless in leading articles; but when they drop from public orators they turn the world upside down. I am old enough to recall a certain "upas tree," which was to be felled by heroic legislation. I remember also the proposal to expel the unspeakable Turk from Bulgaria "bag and baggage." The commotion over that phrase was terrific. Disraeli once called his opponents "a row of extinct volcanoes," and that metaphor gave great umbrage. Somebody should compile a dictionary of metaphors, as used by eminent men in the service of the State; and it would then be found that metaphor has always been a weapon of party controversy. It was employed with great freedom and felicity by Carliars and Roundheads. It was indispensable to the Jacobites, who said, "Box it about, and it will come to my father," meaning that any fable could be twisted to serve the Stuart. To-day, when politics are far from romantic, one statesman leaves "a lonely furrow" to take up a "clean slate," and another alights from "the fence" in order to launch a pontifical mandate from a "tabernacle." And the peacemakers assure us that, if public men could be cured of this unhappy trick of metaphor, they would dwell together in unity like brethren.

At the Imperial Theatre this week I saw a play which was said by well-informed people who sat behind me to be the work of two members of the present or of some future Cabinet. The authors of "Worldham, M.P.," treat us to something stronger than metaphors. Sir Robert Worldham has just won a seat with the help of very shady associates, and he wants to cast them off, to start his new career with a "clean slate," and devote himself to the public good. But his election-agent, a shocking scamp, shows him that the seat has been won by gross bribery. That slate can no more be cleaned than Lady Macbeth's bloodstained hand. So far, you see, the inevitable metaphors do their duty. But they are totally eclipsed by ghosts; for Worldham, unable to sleep with so much on his mind, comes out of his room to find the hall full of spectres. One of these admonishes him severely. This ghost belongs to the ancient family that once owned the house, and he remarks that in his time no gentleman was at the mercy of a rascally election-agent and a set of sharks from the City. The other ghost explains that he blew his brains out because he cheated at cards, and advises Worldham to follow his example. That luckless man yields to the uncanny soliciting, a pistol explodes, and there is another Parliamentary vacancy.

This is a novel and impressive way of condemning breaches of the Corrupt Practices Act, and other backslidings from probity in public affairs. The two dramatic authors, members of some future Cabinet, have preached a wholesome lesson. But it is conceivable that if Sir Robert Worldham had been better acquainted with the eighteenth century, to which his ghostly visitors belong, he would have disputed the claim of the elder ghost to electoral purity. Nobody was at the mercy of an election-agent in Sir Robert Walpole's time, for electoral purity was then unknown. Boroughs were bought, and their representatives were never troubled by conscience. The ghost could not have sat for a constituency in Walpole's time. Worldham might have argued this point with considerable effect, and turned the tables on his monitor; but when a man encounters a ghost he cannot be expected to have all his historical references about him. The little play has the merit of giving one a new sensation, and I hope the political wirepullers will fill the theatre every evening to profit all they can by Mr. Lewis Waller's remorse.

When ghosts are brought on the scene, they cause as much controversy as metaphors. Mr. W. S. Lilly thinks it necessary to state in one of the monthly reviews that, although he believes in ghosts, he thinks it improper to talk about them. So when ghost-stories are told in Mr. Lilly's presence he maintains a disapproving silence. This should be noted by hostesses who crave for his society in country-houses. His position, as I understand it, is that we have no right to inquire into the nature of ghosts. But what if they meddle with our affairs? This activity on their part is the most exciting element in all the best ghost-stories. Would Mr. Lilly have nothing to say to a phantom who offered him a pistol and recommended suicide? I see that one critic asks how the ghost in "Worldham, M.P.," could handle that weapon. I have not the slightest idea, and the question is debarred by Mr. Lilly; but there are endless tales of ghosts who moved furniture, and tramped up and down stairs. If they were capable of these physical exertions, why should they be unable to use a pistol? I remember a gruesome tale of Mr. Marion Crawford's in which a drowned ghost knocked an impertinent inquirer senseless (this should please Mr. Lilly), and then thrust himself through the porthole of a ship's cabin. After that it is futile to ask why a ghost should be able-bodied when he is supposed to be disembodied.

PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Brodrick made an elaborate statement in defence of the military preparations by the War Office. He admitted that at the outset of hostilities the Remount Department was not ready for this or any war. But it was now well manned and in excellent working order. Lord Kitchener was satisfied with the present supply of horses. Over half a million animals had been sent to South Africa. Comparing this war with other great wars, Mr. Brodrick held that the achievements of the War Office deserved the highest credit. The Government proposed to enlarge their scheme of Army reorganisation by enabling every recruit to enlist for three years with the colours and nine years in the reserve at a shilling a day instead of tenpence. If, after two years, he elected to remain with the colours for the term of eight years in all (with four years in the reserve), he would have sixpence a day extra. By these inducements, Mr. Brodrick hoped to obtain 50,000 recruits annually.

The Bill introduced by Mr. Long for the expropriation of the London Water Companies was read a second time, and referred to a Joint Committee of both Houses. Mr. Asquith opposed the second reading on the ground that provisions for the administration of the water-supply were mischievous. Instead of entrusting the London County Council with this responsibility, the Government had handed it over to the Borough Councils, which had no concern in the matter. Mr. Asquith ridiculed the proposal to make the Water Board consist of sixty-nine members, but Mr. Walter Long denied that the number was excessive.

In the House of Lords the Bishop of Hereford introduced a Bill to put an end to the hunting of tame deer, pigeon-shooting, and rabbit-coursing. Several peers vigorously denounced the Bill as class legislation.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE TRIPLE BILL AT WYNDHAM'S.

The Parisian successes "*L'Enigme*" and "*Au Téléphone*," which Mrs. Tree is presenting at Wyndham's Theatre, are only two more proofs of French playwrights' superior fertility of invention. You may describe the themes of these simple and poignant dramas as essentially sensational, but you cannot contest their theatrical appeal or artistic manipulation. MM. de Lorde and Foley's episode has the more harrowing subject-matter, and the situation of the man "at the telephone" hearing helplessly the dying cries of his murdered wife and child is charged with a tragic horror that exacts from Mr. Charles Warner acting which is superb in its unforced realism. M. Hervieu's "*L'Enigme*," otherwise "*Cæsar's Wife*," may be less thrilling if no less original than "*Au Téléphone*," but it has higher dramatic claims. It is an elaborate problem-play sustaining with remarkable resource the enigma as to which of two brothers' wives is guilty, and discussing from various standpoints the thesis of marital vengeance. It is still better described as an ingenious stage puzzle; for its husbands are lay figures, and the wives, though superficially differentiated, can only reveal character at the expense of the playwright's secret. But its academic discussions are characteristically French, and not even Mr. Fred Kerr's careful eloquence could recommend to an English audience the sentimental moralisings of the amiable and typically Gallic old *raisonneur*. "*L'Enigme*," however, has obtained a splendid English cast. Besides Mr. Kerr, the company includes Mr. Leonard Boyne as the well-meaning lover, and Mr. Warner and Mr. Fulton as the truculent old-world husbands—all perfectly suited, as well as Miss Fay Davis and Miss Lena Ashwell, emotional actresses of refreshing naturalness, who invest the innocent and the guilty wife with distinct and charming personalities. "*Irish Assurance*" calls for little comment.

"*A COUNTRY MOUSE*," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S. Amusing in many of its scenes and speeches, though very naive in its would-be cynical exposure of "society," Mr. Arthur Law's new Prince of Wales's play, "*A Country Mouse*" (the story of a modern Becky Sharp), makes the mistakes of combining two incongruous dramatic methods and of befogging its audience. Its first act promises an interesting if trivial comedy of manners; its last is the merest hide-and-seek scramble of mechanical farce. More serious fault!—the heroine's real disposition is never divulged, being concealed under a uniform and exasperating manner of sham demureness. In the end, the new Becky, after robbing a married flirt of her lover and showing herself cuter than her town associates, is made to pair off with a dissolute and decrepit old Duke, and the sphinx assumes the aspect of a minx. That delightful comédienne, Miss Annie Hughes, delivers piquantly the barbed comments of the seeming innocent, but after a while the monotony of a character never developed and humanised becomes painfully apparent.

"WORLDHAM, M.P.," A NEW FIRST PIECE AT THE IMPÉRIAL.

"*Mlle. Mars*," the quaint Napoleonic play of the Imperial Theatre, is now preceded by a first piece entitled "*Worldham, M.P.*," and this new political drama, or rather melodrama with a purpose, is positively wrapt in mystery. For one thing, two anonymous members of Parliament are declared to be its authors; for another, two uncanny animated family portraits, after dancing with other shadows a ghostly minuet, urge upon their unfortunate and, as they declare, dishonoured representative the necessity of suicide. Till these supernatural visitants appear—at midnight and in a country hall (eighteenth-century morality, from their account, might have been superlatively lofty)—the play has a certain dramatic and topical interest. Sir Robert Worldham has gained his political ambition by the help of calculating fellow-company directors and an unscrupulous electioneering agent, and finds himself pledged to falsify election accounts and to advocate dishonest army contracts. This weak politician's self-contempt is increased by the pathetic trustfulness of his charming little daughter, and by his own quite serious philanthropic intentions. So he adopts the suggestion of the comic ghosts. The part affords Mr. Lewis Waller admirable scope.

THE GERMAN MINING MONOPOLY IN SHAN-TUNG.

The acquisition by Germany of a mining monopoly in Shan-Tung cannot fail to exercise a far-reaching effect upon English and American commerce. Germany's position in the province is thereby strengthened, for not only does she possess a monopoly of railway construction in that region, but she holds the rights over minerals within a ten-mile radius on each side of the line. The German claim is based on the fact that a despatch from the late Baron von Ketteler, dated May 15, 1900, demanding these rights, was left unanswered by the Chinese Government.

THE SUGAR INDUSTRY.

Despite all tiresome delays in the signing of documents, the Sugar Convention in Brussels has done its work. A general agreement is arrived at as to the abolition on an early date of all direct and indirect bounties; also as to the reduction of the difference between the customs and excise duties on the Continent, so that the cartel systems of Austria and Germany may be mended, and even ended; and finally as to the imposition of countervailing duties upon the sugar of those countries granting bounties subsequently to the signing of this Convention. Not until the September of 1903 will these arrangements come into force; but meanwhile, we are assured, "measures will be taken to check over-production." Our illustrations are from photographs taken in our West Indian Colonies during a tour recently made, in connection with the Convention, on behalf of the West India Committee.

UGANDA.

The first locomotive reached Port Florence, the terminus of the Uganda Railway, on Lake Victoria Nyanza, on Dec. 20 of last year. To complete these 582 miles of line from the sea-coast has occupied nearly four and a half years. From the coast to Nduma, a distance of 468 miles, daily traffic was established at the time the last mails left, bringing us a photograph of a party of missionaries and other travellers on their way to Uganda on rail-trucks. The telegraph-wires, now in good working order all the way, conveyed the news of this first arrival of a locomotive from Port Florence to our own Foreign Office in one hour and a half. The opening out of railways gives a new importance to the Prime Minister of Uganda, Apollo Kagwe Guleme Nume by name, a Christian of sterling quality, who acts as Regent, and who is to represent Uganda at the Coronation. In the photograph we reproduce he is seen surrounded by his wife and family.

THE VICTOR HUGO CENTENARY.

France has kept a great fête of its own—the centenary of the birth of Victor Hugo—a fête which has been watched with general sympathy by Europe. To what extent Victor Hugo had a pose, one need not stop to inquire. He may have been and have done all that the cynical say he was and he did; he may have been Legitimist, Bonapartist, and Republican in turn; he may have liked the look of his signature as Viscount Victor Hugo, and have so written it in deference to an ennobled Hugo of centuries gone, to whom he made copious allusions; and, finally, he may have exhibited a singular reticence about his grandfather the carpenter, and the three seamstresses, his aunts. A romanticist must be allowed in life some license denied to the realist; and the genius of Victor Hugo must rule out as irrelevances all discrepancies between his own domestic life and the code by which he was anxious to govern that of others—especially when those others were the objects of his dislike. Paris does not look too closely for consistency in her heroes, and the Pantheon, in which his bust stood some fifteen feet above the heads of the crowd, became almost a place of worship once more when crowded by citizens gathered there to do homage to Hugo's memory. Four tribunes were constructed at the four angles of the Rotunda, and these were assigned to four groups of persons—the members of the author's family, the ladies of the Elysée and the Palais Bourbon, the officials of the Luxembourg and the Ministries, and the Vice-Rector and Professors of the University, together with the Presidents of the Court of Cassation. On the floor, surrounding the bust, were benches filled with Ambassadors, Academicians, and other representatives of social, military, political, artistic, and scientific circles. The President of the Republic arrived to the strains of the "Marseillaise," after which was heard the "Hymn" to Victor Hugo, written by M. Saint-Saëns for the occasion. M. Leygues and M. Hanotaux then delivered orations, in which Victor Hugo was likened to Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Theocritus, and Juvenal. In the afternoon a monument by Barrias was unveiled in the Place Victor Hugo, and the day's celebration ended with a gala performance of "Les Burgraves" at the Théâtre-Français.

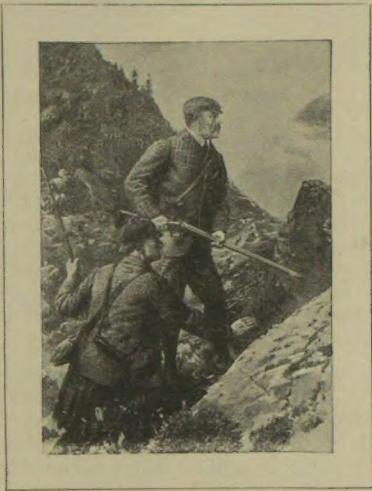
THE REINDEER.

The great splay hoofs of the reindeer, or caribou, as the American varieties are called, and the excessive development of the lateral or accessory hoofs, afford a striking instance of adaptation to environment, the large surface thus presented preventing the animal from sinking unduly deep in the snow among which it passes so much of its time. But the great peculiarity of reindeer is the presence of antlers in both sexes—a feature in which they differ from all other members of the deer tribe. What may be the object of this peculiarity no one yet knows; and we have also yet to learn whether it was once common to all deer, or whether it is an original invention, so to speak, of the reindeer. Although we commonly speak of reindeer as a single species, yet there are several very well-marked local races, differing so much from one another that many naturalists do not hesitate to regard them as distinct species. The typical reindeer is the Scandinavian animal;

but it is probable that as we trace their distribution across Northern Asia to the neighbourhood of Behring Strait, they approach more and more to the American forms. In America there are at least two very distinctly marked races, locally known as the woodland caribou and the barren-ground caribou. In the former and larger animal the antlers are comparatively short and broad, with the various branches and tines greatly expanded; this race inhabiting the more southern wooded districts. On the other hand, in the barren-ground caribou, which in summer is restricted to the barren tracts north of the limit of trees, the antlers (as in our illustration) are longer and more rounded, with their branches and tines much less flattened and expanded. In spite, however, of its enormous antlers, the barren-ground reindeer is an absolutely smaller animal than its southern cousin. During their annual migrations the two races come into contact, but nevertheless keep completely apart, and never interbreed. Another variety of reindeer is found in Greenland, and yet another in Spitzbergen.

R. LYDEKKER.

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PERSONAL.

Lord Rosebery has lost no time in forming a party of his own, but not outside "the tabernacle." He has founded an organisation called the Liberal League, of which he is President, with Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Sir Henry Fowler as Vice-Presidents. The new League will absorb the Liberal Imperialist League, which has no reason for a separate existence.

Mr. Asquith has issued a manifesto. He urges upon the Liberal party a policy of "selection and concentration." Gladstonian Home Rule is declared to be impossible. The British electorate rejected it, and as time goes on their opposition is "hardened and stiffened." Nothing can be done to amend the government of Ireland save with "the sanction of British opinion step by step." It is noteworthy that this declaration is condemned by the Radical wing of the party as taking no account of "the inward realities of conscience."

The death of Sir Thomas Villiers Lister has called forth a great deal of testimony to the value of his services in the Foreign Office. Born in 1832, he was the son of Mr. Thomas Henry Lister, who was Registrar-General, and who wrote a novel of social life entitled "Granby," which made a noise in its day. On his mother's side, Sir T. Villiers Lister was a grandson of the third Earl of Clarendon. After leaving Harrow, and Trinity College, Cambridge, he entered the Foreign Office, where he became

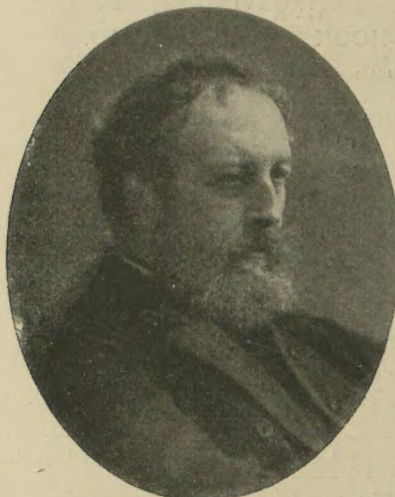


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR T. VILLIERS LISTER,
Formerly Assistant Under-Secretary for
Foreign Affairs.

private secretary to his uncle, Lord Clarendon. In 1855 he was attached to Lord John Russell's special mission to Vienna, and to Lord Granville's embassy to Russia in 1856. With Lord Clarendon also he went to Paris and to Berlin. In 1873 he was appointed Assistant Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, a position he held down to 1894. His K.C.M.G. dated from 1885. Sir T. Villiers Lister was twice married, his second wife being Miss Florence Hamilton, a granddaughter of Lord Belhaven.

The Cunard steam-ship *Etruria* met with an accident in mid-Atlantic—the breaking of her propeller shaft—and for three days the absence of any news about her gave rise to great anxieties among the friends, here and in America, of the passengers on board. Then came the reassuring news that the *William Cliff*, a Leyland liner, had the *Etruria* in tow for the Azores; so that a week's delay in the delivery of the mails she carried is the worst inconvenience resulting from the mishap.

The National Portrait Gallery has had the good fortune to acquire an authentic portrait of John Bunyan, painted by Thomas Sadler in 1685. The picture was the property of the Countess of Cavan, whose father, the Rev. J. Olive, rescued it from obscurity. There is no other portrait of Bunyan save a pencil drawing by Robert White at the British Museum.

Lord Monkswell, the new Vice-Chairman of the London County Council, is the son of the first peer, who as Sir Robert Collier had fame as a Law Officer of the Crown, and afterwards as a member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council; the circumstances attending his appointment to which, by Mr. Gladstone, caused a nine days' wonder in political, legal, and ecclesiastical circles. The present peer was born in London in 1845. He was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge; he succeeded his father in 1886; married Mary, daughter of Mr. J. A. Hardcastle, M.P.; and entered the London County Council on its first establishment in 1889. He has served also as a Lord-in-Waiting and as Under-Secretary for War, and has written both a novel and a learned book on law.

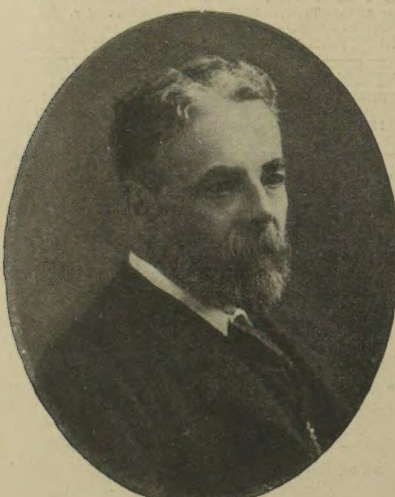


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
LORD MONKSWELL,
New Vice-Chairman of the L.C.C.

Australia has won four out of the five test matches against Mr. MacLaren's Eleven. In the final struggle the English team was defeated by thirty-two runs.

Mr. Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, youngest son of the great novelist, has died in Australia at the age of forty-nine. He left this country in 1868, two years before his father's death. He had some experience of public life in Australia, was a member of the Legislative Assembly at Sydney, and in his closing years held a Government appointment.

In appointing the Earl of Denbigh to be the bearer of his congratulations to Pope Leo XIII. on entering the year of his Pontifical Silver Jubilee, the King no doubt kept in view the fact that the despatch of a Roman Catholic peer on such an errand would add all the more to its grace in the view of the Vatican. The Earl of Denbigh, who is also Earl of Desmond, Viscount Callan, Viscount Feilding, and Baron St. Liz, was born in 1859. He was educated at Oscott and at Woolwich, and, joining the Royal Artillery in 1878, saw a good deal of service in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882. He served also in India, and as A.D.C. to Lord Londonderry when that peer was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Denbigh married, in 1884, Cecilia, daughter of the eighth Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, and he succeeded his father in 1892. He has sat on the London County Council, and as Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria he accompanied her Majesty on her famous visit to Ireland. Lord Denbigh is Lord-in-Waiting also to Edward VII.

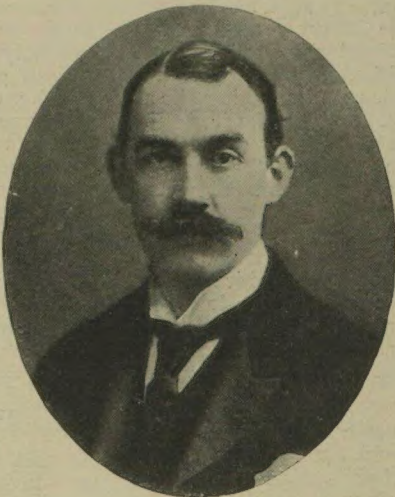
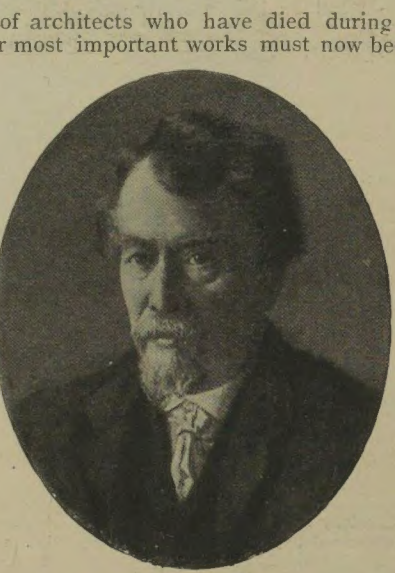


Photo. Russell.
THE EARL OF DENBIGH,
Special Envoy of the King at the Pope's Jubilee.

Signor Marconi announces that his telegraphic apparatus has transmitted complete messages for a distance of over 1500 miles. The curvature of the earth, he says, offers no obstacle to wireless telegraphy, and he predicts that in three months he will be in a position to start business as a transmitter of messages across the Atlantic at fivepence a word.

M. Waldeck-Rousseau was the victim of an accident that might have had most serious results. His carriage was run into by a tramcar in Paris, and he sustained severe bruises and scalp wounds. Fortunately, his recovery is progressing so rapidly that he has not found it necessary to cancel any of his engagements for the electoral campaign in France.

To the number of architects who have died during the progress of their most important works must now be added Mr. John Francis Bentley, who had in hand the new Roman Catholic Cathedral of Westminster. Fortunately, the plans of that great structure have been left complete, so that they will form Mr. Bentley's best memorial. All the same, the internal decoration of a Byzantine building is no light undertaking, and it is one for which Mr. Bentley was fitted by long and special studies as well as by natural taste. At the age of sixty-three Mr. Bentley passed away during a paralytic seizure at his house, The Sweep, Clapham Common, on March 2. Among the other buildings of his designing are St. Mark's, North Audley Street, the Church of Corpus Christi, Brighton; St. Mary's, Cadogan Square; and the Seminary, Hammersmith. The Royal Institute of British Architects had planned to present their gold medal to Mr. Bentley on a date which his death anticipated by only two days.



THE LATE MR. J. F. BENTLEY,
Architect of the Westminster Cathedral.
From Portrait Painted by René le Brun.

According to rumour, the proposed visit of the King and Queen to Ireland is to be abandoned. There are plenty of people, no doubt, in "Rebel Cork" who will lament that the city is not to have the festivities that were already preparing; but obviously a minority of the disaffected can make impossible a function which is nothing if not uniformly an exhibition of mutual friendship. The Duke of Devonshire's disappointment as a prospective host will be easy to allay; for he has two English seats with which his Majesty is already familiar, and at either of which he will be pleased to find himself again.

The Duke of Bedford is the new Knight of the Garter, the Marquis of Waterford the new Knight of St. Patrick, and the Marquis of Londonderry the new Lieutenant for County Down.

An amazing report upon the Remount Department of the War Office has been issued as a Parliamentary Paper. From this it appears that when the war broke out the Department had about four hundred horses in South Africa. In December last, although it was clear that without a sufficient supply of remounts the war might last indefinitely, the War Office told Lord Kitchener that it could not send him ten or twelve thousand horses a month "to be used up in a few days." This silly obstinacy has been overcome, for horses are still going out in even greater numbers; but the December attitude is a good specimen of the official intelligence at home.

Count von Bülow has made an interesting statement of German policy in China. He denies that the Germans are claiming the exclusive control of the province of Shan-Tung. Europe will find the "open door" there, just as the Germans find it in the British sphere of the Yangtze Valley.

Some valuable astronomical instruments were removed from Peking to Berlin after the occupation of the Chinese capital by the Allied forces. Count von Bülow was asked in the Reichstag whether this loot would be restored to the Empress of China. He said that such a step would give deep offence to that Sovereign. It is not on record that the Germans were offended by the restoration of the mementoes carried off by Napoleon after his victorious campaigns in Germany.

The Pope, whose vitality is remarkable, has expressed his regret that he is unable to visit England for the Coronation.

By the death of the Earl of Perth, which took place on Feb. 28 at The Cottage, Kew, the Clan Drummond loses a chief who had lived in five reigns, and could boast of being the oldest living peer. His titles were many and various. He was Duc de Melfort, Comte de Lussan, and Baron de Valrose in France; while the Scottish earldoms of Perth and Melfort were restored to him by a special Act of Parliament suggested and assented to by Queen Victoria in 1853. Born in London in 1807, Lord Perth and Melfort was educated in France and Scotland. In 1824 he joined the 93rd Highlanders, and was a Major in the Victoria Middlesex Rifles from 1853 to 1859. He was twice married, first to the widow of General Comte Rappe, and secondly to the widow of Colonel Burrows, of Dangan Castle. His daughter, Lady Marie Drummond, succeeds to the Scotch and French Melfort peerages; and his kinsman, Lord Strathallan, to the Barony of Drummond.



Photo. Russell.
THE LATE EARL OF PERTH,
Chief of the Clan Drummond.

On Tuesday, March 4, the Oxford crew brought their work at Henley to a close, and made their first appearance at Putney on the following day. At about the same time the Cambridge crew terminated their practice at Bourne End, and were to be seen on the tideway. Before leaving Henley, Oxford launched the new Brocas boat, and a steady row to Hambledon Lock, with a few fast bursts between Greenlands and the Farm on the return journey, showed the crew to be in excellent form.

Mr. George Meredith has written a second letter about the trial of Commandant Kritzinger. He says that to conciliate the Boers we must defer to "their version of humanness." They think no more of killing "a fractious black" than of putting an end to a disabled horse; therefore we must not execute their leaders for murdering natives. It would be interesting to know whether Mr. Meredith is prepared for the logical conclusion that we must adapt the whole of our policy towards the native races to the "inferior civilisation" of the Boers.

Mr. J. McDougall, the new Chairman of the London County Council, has a long record of civic service. The miniature Parliament of Spring Gardens, if it has to enforce against St. Stephen's the formula "Home Rule for London," will need what Lord Beaconsfield used to name "men of affairs" as its guiding spirits. The Water Bill is making a storm in multitudes of tea-cups just at present; and the views and votes of the County Council and of the Imperial Parliament are not in accord on this point. Mr. McDougall, who has braved a good deal of opposition in his day on subjects connected with the amusements of London, may be supposed to be seasoned to all sorts of contests, even including that which is now involved on the large question of policy at issue between the majority of Councillors and the majority of Commons.

Last week among our portraits appeared that of the late Mr. T. W. Mellor, under whom, by error, the name of Mr. J. W. Mellor appeared. Mr. Thomas Walton Mellor was formerly the representative of Ashton-under-Lyne in Parliament, and his regretted death was the occasion of the publication of our last week's portrait. Fortunately we have still with us his almost double in the naming, the Right Hon. J. W. Mellor, who represents the Sowerby Division of Yorkshire, and who, a little less than ten years ago, entered on a two years' tenure of the Chairmanship of Committees in the House of Commons.

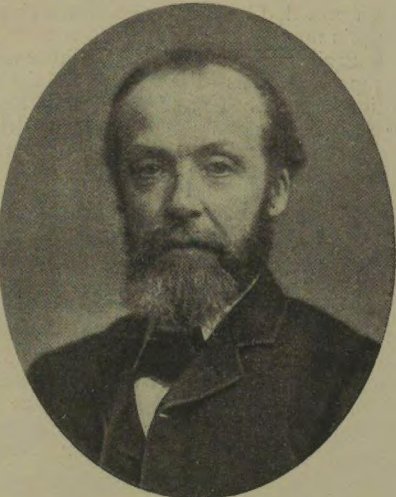


Photo. Elliott and Fry.
MR. J. MCDUGALL,
New Chairman of the L.C.C.



Photo. Calcott, Teddington.

PRACTICE FOR THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE: THE CAMBRIDGE CREW BRINGING OUT THE BOAT AT COOKHAM.

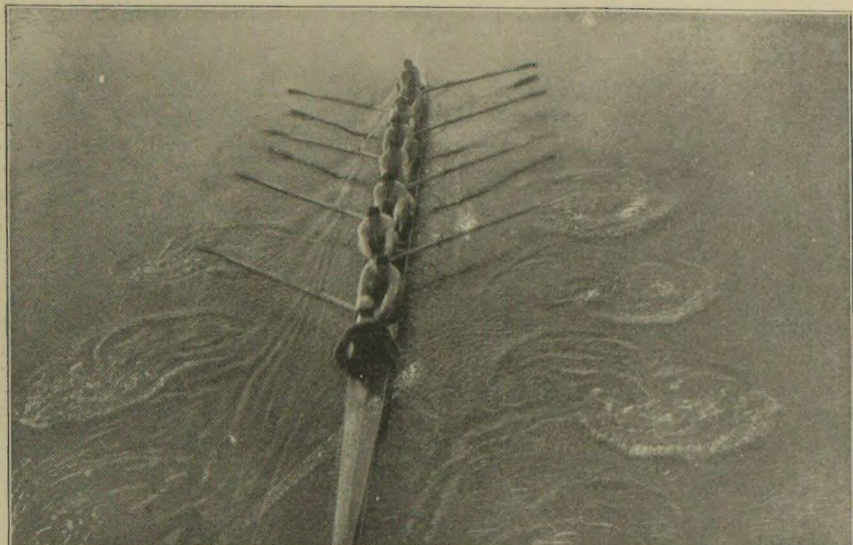


Photo. Calcott, Teddington.

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW SEEN FROM THE BRIDGE AT COOKHAM.



THE GERMAN MINING MONOPOLY IN SHAN-TUNG: LUNGSHWY BAY, IN THE YUNG-CHING PREFECTURE, SHAN-TUNG.



Photo. Nickisson.

PROGRESS IN UGANDA: THE PRIME MINISTER, WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.



Photo. Nickisson.

THE UGANDA RAILWAY: A PARTY OF MISSIONARIES AND TRAVELLERS PROCEEDING TO UGANDA ON RAIL-TRUCKS.



Photo. Holmes, Clifton.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BADMINTON: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE HOUSE.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE WEST.

The visit of the King and Queen to Devonshire, timed for March 7, will present various points of interest. No such visit has been paid for a great number of years; for though Queen Victoria knew Sidmouth in childhood, she had few ties with that part of her kingdom after her ascent to the throne. At Kingswear Station the King and Queen alight to be escorted by Lords of the Admiralty and others to the ferry-steamer for Dartmouth. Once there, their Majesties drive to the Britannia Royal Naval College, where the laying of the foundation-stone, in the presence of the Bishop of Exeter and many other dignitaries of Church and State, brings together a crowd of six hundred privileged spectators, including representatives of the German Navy.



MR. G. F. FAWCETT'S "FARNDON FERRY," WINNER OF THE WATERLOO CUP, 1902.

Recrossing the Dart, their Majesties journey to Plymouth. There the most interesting feature of the programme (which includes a visit to Mount Edgcumbe) will undoubtedly be found in the visit to the Docks, and the launch of H.M.S. *Queen*. Moreover, on the slip from which that great battle-ship is to be sent forth will be begun at once the building of the *King Edward VII.*, and there is a project by which the keel will be laid by the King himself.

THE KING AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW.

The twenty-third annual exhibition of the Shire Horse Society was held at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, and had a more than usual importance and popularity given to it by the attendance of the Prince and Princess of Wales on one of its days, and of the King on another. The cup for the best animal in the younger stallion classes was awarded to Lord Rothschild's Birdsall Menestrel, and that for the best of the older stallions to Messrs. Forshaw's Stroxton Tom, which also carried off the champion cup in the stallion classes. Mr. Eadie's Barrow Princess obtained the cup in the younger mare classes, and Mr. R. W. Hudson's Alston Rose that in the older mare classes, and the champion cup. Among those who took part in the proceedings were Mr. Victor Cavendish, M.P., Lord Llangattock, Lord Belper, and Sir Walter Gilbey. The King, on the occasion of his visit, was attended by the Earl of Kintore, and as he entered the royal box, was greeted with ringing cheers. A parade of prize-horses was at once begun, and did not weary the enthusiastic, although it lasted an hour. In the royal box the party included, besides those in attendance on his Majesty, the Earl of Verulam, Lord Middleton, Mr. Freeman-Mitford, and Mr. Garrett Taylor.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS AT BADMINTON.

The visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Badminton recalls past occasions when royalty was entertained at a place which bears a name everywhere



Photo. Abbiador, Rome.

THE POPE'S PONTIFICAL SILVER JUBILEE MEDAL.

known in the world of sport. King William, for instance, when he visited Bristol in 1690 made Badminton House (itself three hundred years old) his headquarters. This favourite residence of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort stands in a park nearly a thousand acres in area, and richly stocked with red and fallow deer. The interior of the house is adorned not only by a great variety of sporting trophies, but also by some fine pictures, including one of Vandyck's portraits of Charles I. The host of the Prince and Princess is the ninth Duke of his line, and, though he came only recently into possession of the family honours and estates, is fifty-five years of age. Seven years ago he married Louise, daughter of Mr. W. H. Harford, and widow of Baron Carlo de Tuyl. His son and heir bears,

by courtesy, the historic title of Marquis of Worcester. Leaving Paddington on the afternoon of March 3, the Prince and Princess were presented with a loyal address at Chippenham, which was formerly a royal property, and held the hunting residence of King Alfred. At all the villages on the eleven miles' drive to Badminton a hearty welcome was given to the royal visitors, who drove with the Duke. The house-party at Badminton included Lord and Lady Lansdowne, the Portuguese Minister, Sir George and Lady Maud Warrender, Lord Revelstoke, and Lord Kerry. On the day after their arrival the Prince and Princess attended the meet of the famous Beaufort Hounds. The fixture was for Worcester Lodge, and a large mounted company came from all the country round. The Princess, when she drove with the Duchess of Beaufort up the magnificent avenue of beeches to the Lodge, was loudly cheered; and ten minutes later the demonstration was repeated when the Prince, on horseback, rode up with his host.

The Prince's hunting lasted from half-past eleven till three o'clock. A fox, found in a cover near at hand, was killed before he could break away, and the second draw unluckily proved a blank.

THE WATERLOO CUP WINNER.

The attendance at the coursing meeting at Altcar was very large this season, and was rewarded by one of the most interesting finishes that the final day has furnished for many years. The winner, after a hard contest, was Farndon Ferry, and thus Mr. G. F. Fawcett for the third year in succession has carried off the most coveted of coursing prizes, his Fearless Footsteps having won the Cup in the two previous years. That Farndon Ferry was regarded in advance as the victor by its owner may be surmised by the fact

that, on the night of the draw, he took 1000 to 80 three times on the faith of his dog's carrying off the trophy.

HOPPNER IN THE SALE-ROOM.

The sale-room has supplied so many surprises of late years in regard to the works of the great group of first Royal Academicians and their immediate successors that we can expect to be astonished no more. Only last season a record price of fourteen thousand guineas was paid for the famous portrait of Lady Louisa Manners, painted by John Hoppner, R.A., whose name has appeared again in the sale catalogues of this week. Sir Thomas Lawrence, though accounted by most of his contemporaries to be a greater man than Hoppner, may have had his own quite other ideas on that point, even if his sense of business kept him from giving tongue to them. Certain it is that when the death of Hoppner put a period to a close rivalry between them of some fifteen years' duration, Lawrence added to his expression of regret the frank acknowledgment, "I learnt much from him." The records of to-day's sale-rooms seem to show that Hoppner ranks high above his competitor with the connoisseurs of the present generation.

THE POPE'S JUBILEE MEDAL.

Rome has always been famous for its medals. The Popes, never unwilling to carry on a tradition of imperialism, have marked their temporal rule in the city of the Caesars by medal after medal, struck in their own Pontifical mint. The triple crown has often figured on these presentments—for which it might almost seem to be designed; for nowhere else can it be said to appear to so decorative an advantage. Of the historic value of some of this mintage, the student is well aware. Did the Pope of the day approve the Massacre of St. Bartholomew? Not by a word certainly; but a medal struck in the Papal mint to record, if not to celebrate, the event, has given rise to further questionings as to the Pope's knowledge of the medals produced under his own roof. No war of words is likely to ensue on the coining of the latest medal at the Vatican mint—that which celebrates the entry of Leo XIII. upon the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate. Doubtless Lord Denbigh, the Special Envoy

who has carried to Rome King Edward the Seventh's congratulations on the event, will bear back with him to Marlborough House one of these souvenirs of a



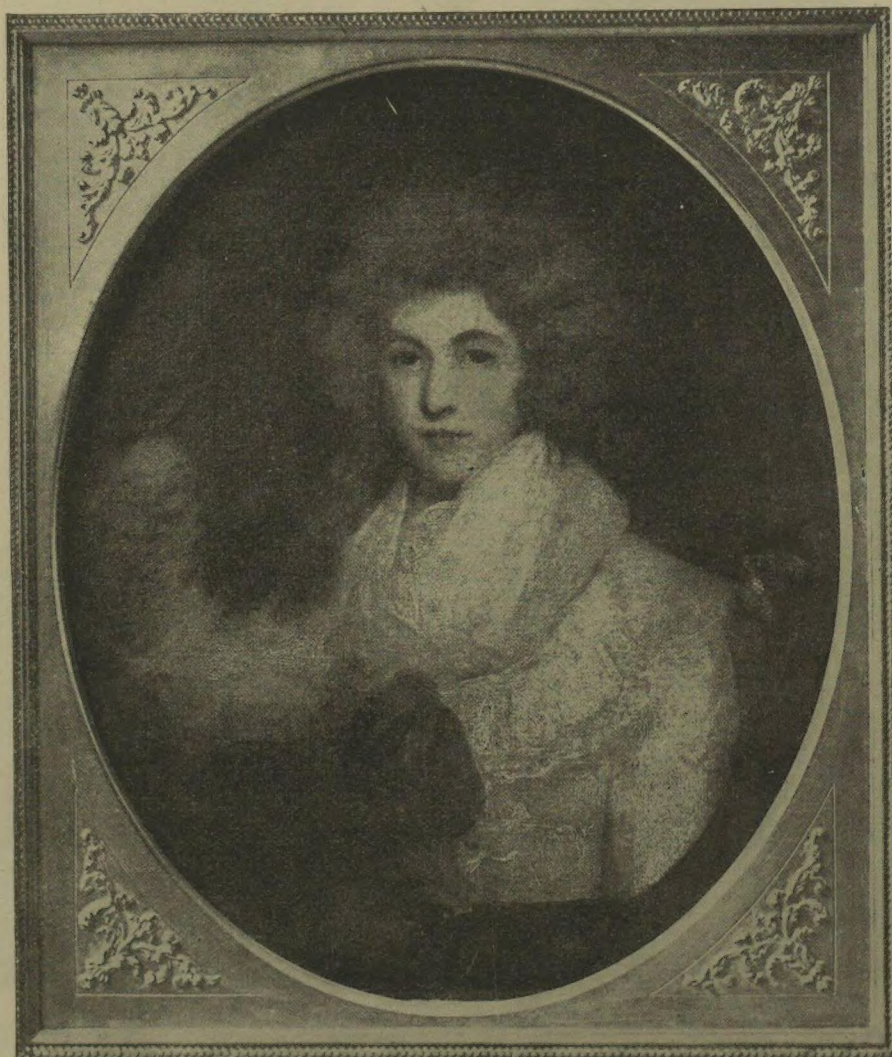
THE BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL.

(LESS THAN ACTUAL SIZE.)

wholly peaceful occasion. An excellent story is told of the faith which the Pontiff has in his longevity. Many years ago a prelate who was visiting the Vatican, on taking leave of the Pope, remarked sadly that, owing to his Holiness's great age, he feared this must be their last meeting. "How long will you be absent?" said the Pope. "Seven years," was the answer. "Brother," the Pontiff replied, "if God spare your life, come back in seven years, and I shall be here." The other day the two friends met again. Not long ago an American journalist, being asked by the Pope why he had come to Rome, replied undiplomatically, "For the Conclave!" "Then," said the Pontiff, smiling, "you will have a long time to wait?"

THE BRITISH EMPIRE MEDAL.

The British Empire Medal, which is about to be issued by Messrs. Spink and Son, is among the largest medals issued, being four inches in diameter. It has the double design of commemorating both the accession of the King and the Boer War. Accordingly, Mr. Frank Bowcher, who has prepared the models, shows on the obverse side of the medal a bust of the King (who gave a sitting), supported by allegorical figures of Peace, Justice, and Industry. Views of Bloemfontein and Pretoria, as well as a hint of our own House of Commons, are to be found on the field; below is the Union shield; and over all is the motto, "Oppressorum Conservator." On the reverse side is to be seen Lord Roberts mounted on horseback, with allegorical figures of Fame and Victory, the latter placing a wreath upon his head. A column of Regulars, Colonial troops, and Volunteers is seen in the background defiling past a mountainous range; and the mottoes here shown are "Virtute et Ductu" and "Pax Quæritur Bello." An issue of 212 copies of the medal is contemplated in gold, silver, and bronze.



A HOPPNER OFFERED FOR SALE ON MARCH 5.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT BADMINTON: WITH THE BEAUFORT HOUNDS, MARCH 4.



The Prince of Wales.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AS A FOX-HUNTER.



The Prince of Wales.

The Princess of Wales.

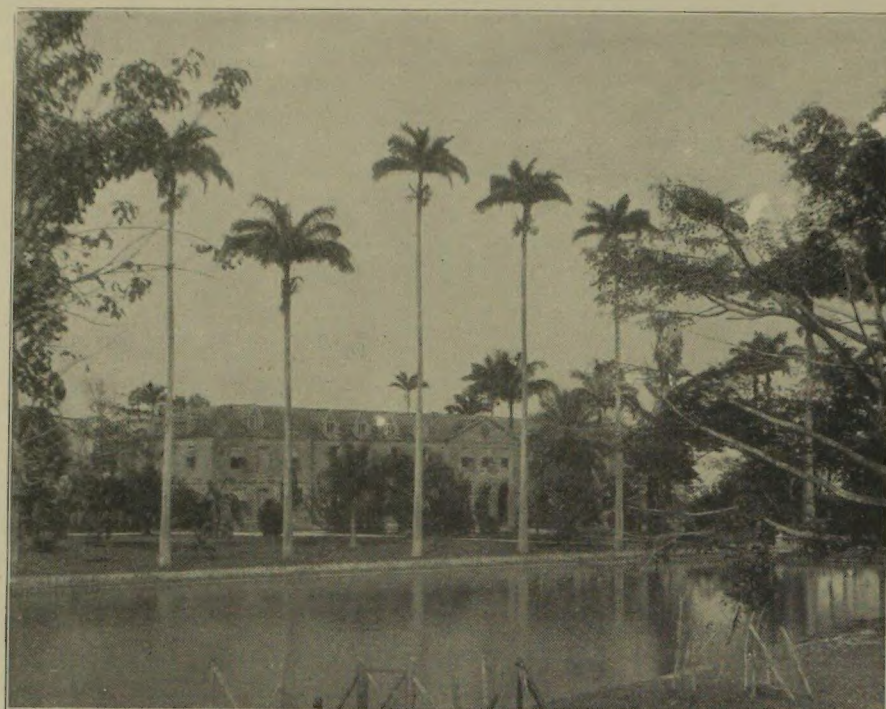
THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT THE MEET OF THE BEAUFORT HOUNDS AT WORCESTER LODGE, NEAR BADMINTON.

THE DECISION OF THE SUGAR BOUNTIES CONFERENCE: SCENES OF THE INDUSTRY.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY THE WEST INDIA COMMITTEE.



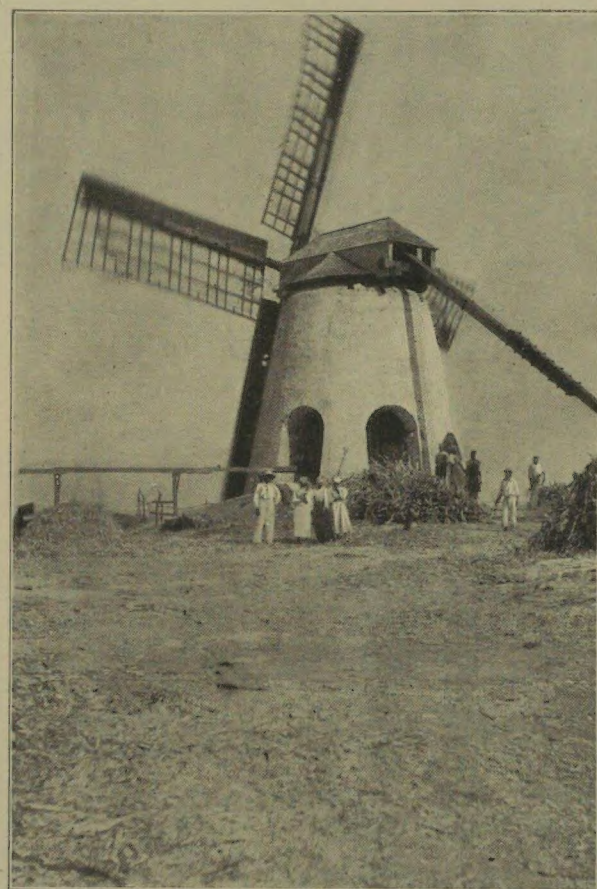
LABORIE, ST. LUCIA.



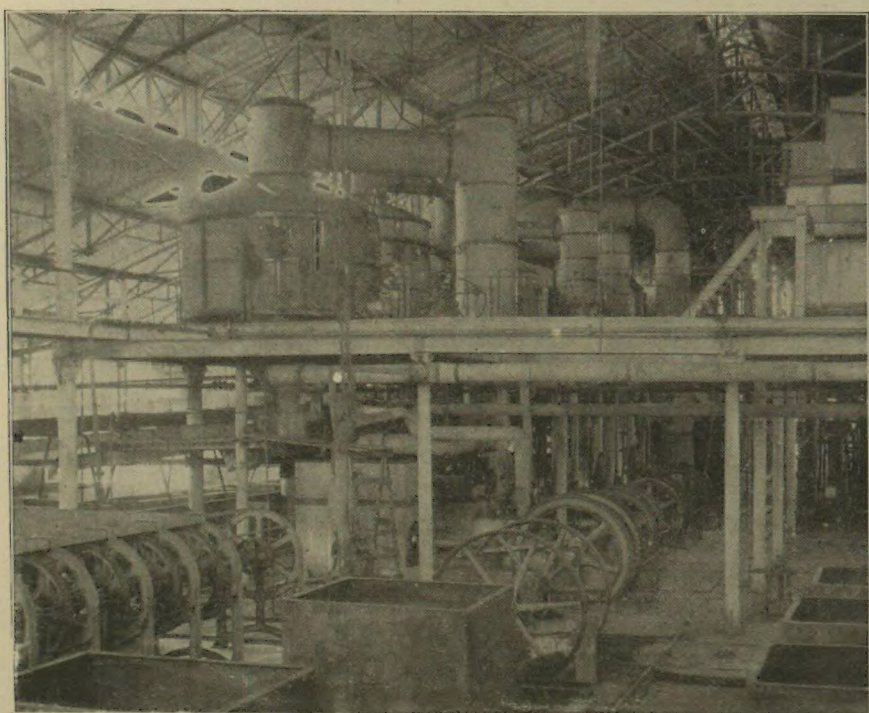
A UNIVERSITY DEPENDENT ON SUGAR-ESTATES: CODRINGTON COLLEGE, BARBADOES.



ST. GEORGE, GRENADA.



AN OLD-FASHIONED SUGAR-MILL ON THE THIBOUS ESTATE, ANTIGUA.



INTERIOR OF A LARGE SUGAR-FACTORY.



A MUSCOVADO-SUGAR ESTATE, ST. KITTS.

DOG TRUST.

By BERNARD CAPES.

*

Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

THERE was no reason why Richard Le Shore should not have made a straightforward appeal for the hand of Miss Molly Tregarthen to her papa. His credentials—of fortune, condition, and character—were unexceptionable; the girl's kind inclinations were confessed; the father himself was an unexact, indulgent, and ease-loving Democritus. It was but a question of those two and of Mr. Dicky, their favoured, their intimately favoured, guest.

There was no reason, and for the reason that the spirit of Romance abhors reason; and that was why, without any reason, Richard persuaded Mollinda to a clandestine engagement, to stolen interviews, to a belief that love franked by authority was the skim-milk of human kindness. At least he chose to persuade himself that he persuaded her, at all times when he could coax a certain bewildered honesty in her eyes from dumbly questioning the necessity of such tactics. In reality he loved that look, as the sweetest earnest of a sweet quality. It was not her he studied to deceive, but himself. Incurably eligible, he could never taste but through make-believe, like the "Marchioness," the sweet stimulant of paternal interdiction.

At the end of the season he accompanied father and child to "Tregarthen." Here, you may be sure, he had not been twenty-four hours without making choice for his love's rendezvous of a little wood that, approached through a tangled shrubbery, covered the slopes that ran up from the back of the house to the high beeches above.

Now Dicky would himself have allowed that everything (desirable) had shone upon his suit save moonlight. That only of poetic glammers was yet lacking. And so he prevailed with Molly Tregarthen to consent to a post-prandial trysting among the trees on the very evening subsequent to that of his arrival.

He had no difficulty in escaping from papa, the imperturbable sybarite. Seated in an open

window over against shrouded lawns, and a moon that rose like a bubble in liquid darkness, dreaming betwixt decanter and cigar-case, papa would not have had his luminous coma disturbed for anything less than a serious fire. So Dicky left him, and going up alone to the woods, leaned his back against a tree and smoked placidly.

It was very quiet, and fragrant, and beautiful there; and presently the young gentleman lost himself somewhat in reflections. The moonlight, penetrating the leaves, made of the sward a ghostly Tom-Tiddler's

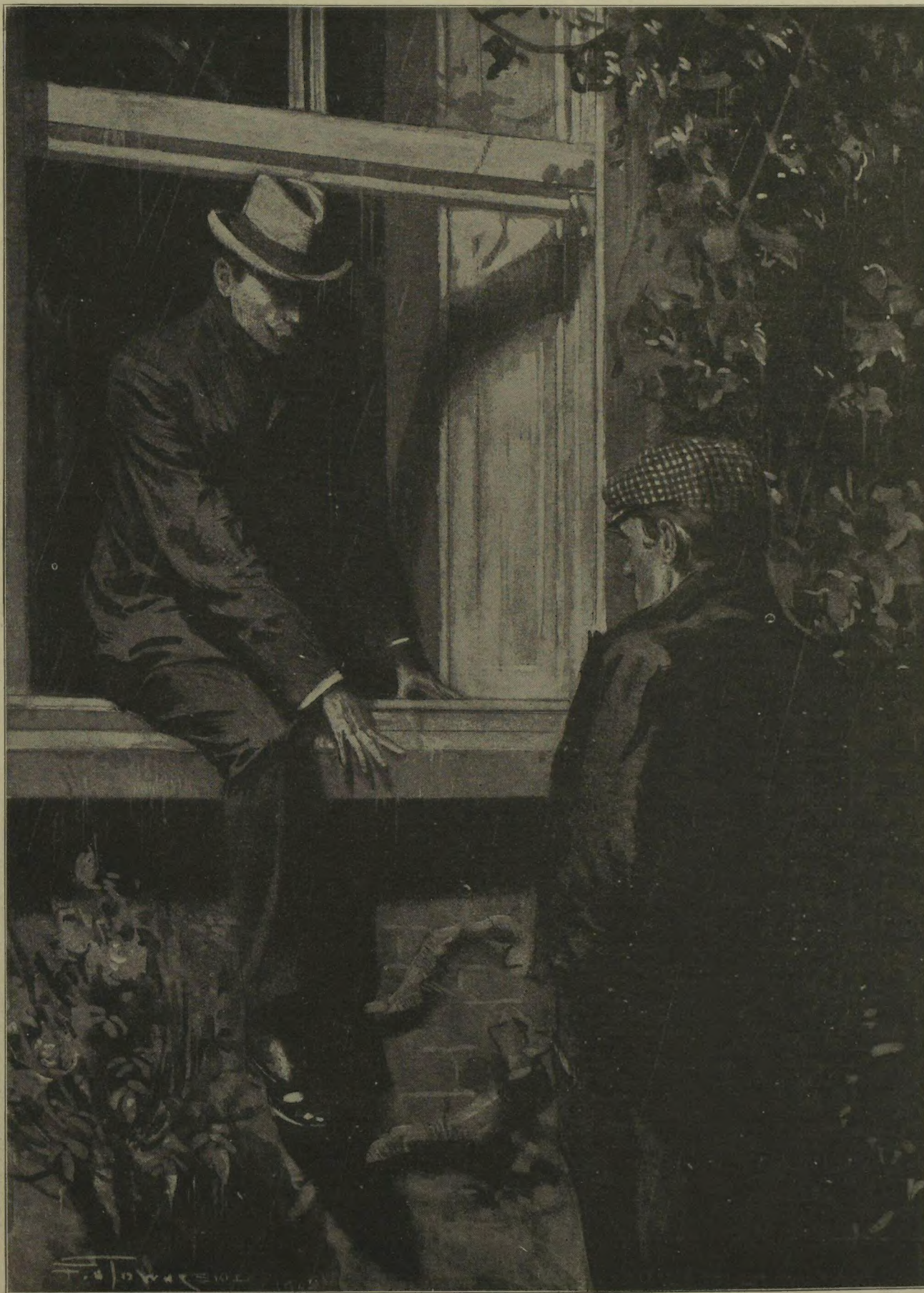
Ground that was all mottled with discs of faint gold. What a soft, fine shower to fall upon the head of his Danae, as she should come stealing up the alleys of light! Stealing—stealing! There was a little thrill of ecstasy in the word. How wide her eyes would be, and how would her bosom rise and fall in the breathlessness of some phantom guilt!

Quite a nice little debauch of expectation, only—she did not come. He waited on, desirous, impatient, hungry; and at last, it must be said, cross. The touch of her hand, her lips, had never seemed so indispensable to him; but he would

not cheapen the virtues of his own by carrying them back to market to a coquette. If she wanted them, she knew where to find them. As for him, he was quite placid and content; in proof of which he threw away his cigar-butt, and began pacing with a noisy recklessness up and down.

That did not conjure her to him, but it seemed to evoke occasional responsive rustlings, or the fancy of them, that would bring the heart into his throat. They were only the stirring of woodland things, it seemed. He got very angry, resentful, cruel in his thoughts. The moon, the bubble of light, rose higher and higher—to the very surface of night, where it floated a little, and then burst. At least, so it seemed; for, all of a sudden, where it had been was a black cloud, and drops began to patter on the leaves. Then Richard realised all in a moment that his tryst had failed, that the moonlight was quenched, and that it was beginning to rain. With a naughty word or two, he braced up his loins, left the wood, and descended towards the house.

As he went down he heard the stable-clock strike twelve. He startled, and strode faster, faster, until he was fairly scuttling. It was in vain. The Tregarthens were early people, and even before he reached the house he knew that its every window was blind and black. The whole family was abed, and he was shut out into the night.



"I could twist your neck with two fingers, here and now," said the man.

Twice, and vainly, he made the entire round of the building, seeking for any loophole to enter by. The rain by then was pelting; yet he did not dare raise a clatter on the front door, for fear he should be pistolled from a window. The inmates knew nothing of his absence, and the Squire held, for a Democritus, strong views on the subject of undisturbed repose.

Coming to the porch again from his second circuit, and putting a hand to rest upon one of its columns, he jumped, as if he had touched a charged Leyden jar, to see a figure standing motionless in the shadow.

"Hullo!" he gasped, in the sudden shock; then rallying, muttered out in a fury at his own weakness, "Who the devil are you?"

Some faint gleam of moonshine weltering through the flood enlightened him even as he spoke.

"Why, if it ain't the butler!" he said.

It was the butler. The figure admitted it in a curt word. Le Shore had already, on the occasions of his two dinners at "Tregarthen," noticed this man, and had taken a quite violent exception in his own conscience to his manner and appearance. He thought he had never known a first trust bestowed upon one whose face so expressed the very moral of acquisitiveness, whose conduct was marked by such an uncouth inurbanity. Here, if there was any value in biology, was Bill Sikes in broadcloth.

The tone of the fellow's answer grated confoundingly on him—he hardly knew why.

"Are you locked out, like me?" he said, putting violence on himself to speak civilly.

"Yes, Sir," answered the man; "but for a better reason."

"What do you mean by that?"

The creature was as thick-set as a bull. He could have broken this elegant like a stick across his knee. He commanded the situation, massive and impassive, from his own standpoint.

"Look 'ee here, Sir," he said, speaking through a grip of little strong teeth in a square jaw, "I'm going to tell you what I mean. I'm going to make no bones about it. You meet Miss Molly fair and open, or you don't meet her at all. Do I know what I'm saying? Yes, I do know. She didn't come to you to-night—because why? Because I interdicted of her. That's it. She might have thought better—or worse—of it, bein' a woman, and soft; and that's why I laid by, watchin' that no harm should come of it if she did. But she was wise, and didn't. I seen you all the time in the wood, and I tell you this. A word's got to be enough. You meet her by fair means, or not at all. Never mind the Squire there. It's me that says it. If she admires you, nine stuns ten—which there's no accounting for tastes—I'm not the one to make difficulties. But you go like a honest man and ask her straight of her father. That's the ticket, and don't you make no error. Don't you flatter your fancy no more with randy-voos in the moonshine. Why, if ever there's a light calc'lated to lead a gentleman astray, it's that. I say it, and I know. You go to the girl's father; and, after, we'll see what we'll see."

He cleared his throat with a quarrelling sound, and came out of the shadow.

"Now," said he, "here's a house you've been locked out of, and you want to get in without disturbin' of the family—is that it? Very well, Sir; now we understand everything; and step this way, if *you* please."

Almost with the words, he was clawed up on a window-sill of the ground-floor, and was very softly manipulating the sash. Mr. Le Shore, voiceless, hardly gasping, stood, just conscious of himself, in an absolute rigor of fury and astonishment. He was "stound," as Spenser would have put it. Presently he snapped his eyelids, and woke aware that Mr. Hissey, standing on the grass, was loweringly inviting him to enter by way of an opened window. With a shock, he recovered his nerves of motion, and, stalking to the place, vaulted stiffly to the sill, and sat thereon like a cavalier.

"I've just a word or two for you, before I—I avail myself of this," he said. "You've been gadding, and got drunk, I suppose; and this is your way of trying to make capital of a belated guest. Perhaps the means you've adopted'll appear less excellent to you in the sober morning. As to your method of entry, there's nothing in it incompatible with the character I'd already formed of you. But that, and your quite outrageous insolence, will be made matters for your master's consideration to-morrow. I mention this in honour, before I—" He waved his hand towards the room.

"I could twist your neck with two fingers, here and now," said the man.

"Exactly," said Dicky. "And that's why I decline to make use of this window except on the plain understanding."

The butler cleared his throat again, even with a strange note of approval in the unseemly sound.

"Mayhap you'll do," he said. "Now go to bed, and don't forgit your prayers in your disappointment."

Mr. Le Shore hissed in a breath, as though the rain had suddenly become boiling spray, then tiptoed rigidly to his room.

The opening of the window, framed with creepers whose shadows shrunk or dilated softly in the muslin curtains, gave on to a soothful picture of lawn and herbaceous border that, withdrawing to cool caverns of leafiness under a remote cedar-tree, seemed to gather themselves to a head of prettiest expression in the person of little Miss Mollinda swinging there in a hammock. Within, at the luncheon-table, Tregarthen poured himself out a glass of Madeira with a hand so limp and white in appearance that one would have thought it incapable of the task of poisoning the heavy decanter. Here was delicate seeming only, however. The perpetual sybarite reads an incorruptible constitution. The white hand held the bottle

horizontal as steady as a rock during the minute the indolent, good-humoured eyes of its owner were directed to those of his visitor.

"My dear good Richard, the man *is* a burglar."

He laughed at the other's expression, filled his glass, sipped at it, and hooking his thumbs in his arm-holes, lolled back in his chair.

"I am not justified in the confidence, perhaps. I don't know. Anyhow, it is the short way out of a fatiguing explanation. The man *is* a burglar—not figuratively, but actually, by breeding, education, profession—*appelez-le comme vous voudrez*. He has the stamp of it so distinctly on him that one need not ask him to produce his skeleton-key."

"Then I have nothing more to say."

"Ah! the devil take the honest thief! Your obvious grievance forces me to the explanation, after all. My dear boy, I imply nothing; argue from no premises but such as a long experience of this capital, troublesome fellow suggest to me. Speaking from these (I may be wrong), I should conclude that he is somehow in process of safeguarding, as he thinks, the interests of my girl, to whom he is quite romantically attached. Honestly, I don't know to whom I would rather commit them. Poor motherless child!"

He had, it seemed, no thought of himself as pledged to the task. Himself should be a fair one-man's burden.

"He is very right to be attached to Miss Tregarthen," muttered Le Shore dryly and a little sullenly.

"He is very right indeed," answered his host; "righter (pardon the solecism) than you might think. In this excellent rogue is provided such an illustration of the 'harmony not understood' of discords, as circumstance has ever given to an *ennuyé* world. The dear creature has decided to stultify his every instinct for a sentiment. It is the most interesting psychological phenomenon you can imagine. He has conceded nothing of his nature but the means to its practical achievement. Conceive a blood-horse of his own determination no sire. Such is this dear, admirable brute. *Perfossor parietum nascitur*. He cannot change his spots. To this day, I think, he will always of choice enter by a window rather than a door; to this day he regards plate with a most *melting* look. But for all that, I think I may swear that at the present moment the tally of my spoons is to an ounce what it was when he took service with me eighteen years ago."

"Your servant for eighteen years!"

"My servant—titularly. In reality, my mentor, my vizier. Dog Trust is a rather sweetly demoralising acquisition. He takes the burden of conscience from one—steals it, in this case, I may say. But then, after all, he may use his vicegerency to ends so far beyond the moral grasp of the master he represents as more than to vindicate that master in his withdrawal from the vexatious problems of duty. Through sheer force of affection this admirable George has mastered himself, and bettered his master in the parental ethics."

"Indeed, Sir?" (Mr. Dicky spoke with a very dry sarcasm.) "And how does Miss Tregarthen approve the viziership?"

"As she loves and respects the vizier, Richard. I do not think she would willingly run counter to his dictates, which, by the way, he never imposes in a manner to alarm one's pride. Ah! did you catch that whiff of scabious? There is a bush of it under the window there. It always seems to me to embody in itself the whole warmth and fragrance of summer. My dear fellow, your eyes are relentless inquisitors. No more wine? Well, I suppose I shall have to tell you how it came about."

He sighed, drained his glass, laughed slightly, and smoothed a stray wisp of hair from his forehead.

"Once," he said—"it was particularly disagreeable to a person of my temperament—I was called upon by Fate to suffer the ugly and sordid experience of a conflagration in my house. You, who are also a little inclined, I believe, to create for yourself an atmosphere of romance—to regard the great world only as a quarry, from which to gather materials most exquisite and most apt to the enrichment of the hermitage that it is your design and your delight to build apart for your soul, will appreciate what were my feelings upon seeing my fairy fabric doomed to destruction, to positive annihilation, by the flames. I have never spoken to you of the disaster before. You will know that I do so now under the mere stress of fitness, as a means to your proper understanding of George Hissey's conduct. The recollection is painful and horrible to a degree."

"The alarm, the escape, the catastrophe were all accomplished in the dark hours of a winter's morning. My dear wife (she sleeps, awaiting my coming, in Elysium) followed me down the stairs and out of the house at a short interval. She found me devoted to a frantic endeavour to secure from destruction such of my poor treasures as were accessible—few enough, alas! though the tears I shed should have quenched the hate of a Hecla. What had I done with her child? she cried to me—with our sweet Molly, our little three-year-old babe? Richard, I fell as stunned as if she, the pretty, gentle mother, had struck me across the mouth. I could only stare and gasp. She uttered a heart-shaking scream, and turned to where the servants stood huddled together in the garden. They were all there, and the two nurses were crying and moaning and accusing one another. My God! mad with terror, they had deserted their charge to perish by itself in the burning house!"

He paused. "Don't go on, Sir, if it distresses you," said Le Shore quietly.

"No," answered Tregarthen. "Like the Ancient Mariner, I must be quit of it now I have begun. But I will have a glass of wine."

He poured himself out one, daintily as to the drop on the decanter lip.

"There followed a fearful scene," he said. "It was all I could do to prevent my angel from precipitating herself through the blazing doorway. The whole building seemed by now a furnace—no possibility of further

salvage from those priceless accumulations—not, of course, that at such a pass it was to be thought of. I mingled my tears with my wife's. I offered half my fortune to anyone of the crowd who would save, and a large reward to anyone who would venture to save, our darling. But it was in vain; and in my heart I knew it."

"Now, in this extremity of despair a sudden roar went up from a hundred throats, and passed on the instant. Richard, a man, shedding flakes of fire as Venus cast her birth-slough of spray, had emerged overhead from the sea of flame, and in his arms was our child. Who was he? Whence did he come? No one knew. Our house was isolated. The engine from the neighbouring town had not arrived. He was not a friend, nor a neighbour, nor an employé. It was only evident that innocence had somehow evolved its champion."

"We watched, stricken, as castaways watch the glimmer of a remote sail. The figure had broken its way through the skylight in the roof, only, it might be, to symbolise in the burden it bore the leaping of a little flame heavenward. The situation was the very sublimity of tragedy. Beneath those two the roof, sown with a very garden of fire, dropped at a sickening angle."

"Suddenly, shutting, as it seemed, upon his charge, the man rolled himself up like a hedgehog, and came bowling down the slope. It was a terrible and gasping moment. His body, as it whirled, reeled out a roar of sparks. The next instant it had bounded over the edge, and was plunged among the smoking bushes beneath."

"They broke his fall; but it was the verandah awning that in the first instance saved his life—his, and our dear devoted cherub's. But he had never once, through all the stunning vertigo of his descent, failed to shield the little body that his own enwrapped."

"Now, my dear Richard, comes the strange part. When I was sufficiently recovered to seek our preserver, I found him sitting handcuffed, in charge of the local policeman. He was very white, with two or three ribs broken; but he took it all unresentful and unconcerned, as being in the day's, or the night's, business. Who was he? Well, here is the explanation. He was a renowned cracksmen, as I think they call it, who had been operating in the neighbourhood for some weeks past—the hero of many a shuddering midnight adventure. Without doubt he had taken his toll of my 'crib' had not circumstance dropped him ripe into the gaping mouth of the law. He had entered, and was actually at work when fire cut the ground, as it were, from under his feet. Almost before, intensely occupied, he realised his position, escape by the lower rooms was debarred him. Was ever situation so dramatic! It was to be compared only with that of a huntsman who, entering some cave to steal bear cubs, turns to find the dam blocking his outlet. Still, Mr. Hissey *might* have escaped, and without detection, by dropping to the lawn from a back window, had his burglarious ears not pricked suddenly to the wailing of a child."

"My dear fellow, need I explain further? The child he risked his own life to rescue was our—I may almost say, at this day, was *his* Molly. It was the strangest thing. I did not, as a consequence, quite see my way to holding him altogether absolved, but my dear, emotional partner was of a different opinion. We had quite a little scene about it. In the end she prevailed—with the whole boiling of the law, too; and the man was sentenced to come up for judgment if called upon. Then straightway, and by his own desire, she took the disinfected burglar into her service. It was one of those daring psychologic essays that may once and again be carried to a successful issue through the white-hot faith of the experimenter; but that must not be given authority as a precedent. My wife fairly redeemed this burglar by committing, without hesitation, to his loyal trust the little waif of fire, whose destinies he had earned the right to a voice in. From that day to this I will say he has never abused the faith we reposed in him. On her deathbed, my dear girl (pardon me a moment, Le Shore), my dear wife most solemnly recommitted her child to his care. I did not complain, I do not complain now. I, who make no plea of competence in the paternal rôle, thank the gods only for my vizier, who is quite willing to accord me the ritual of authority, while taking its practical business on his own shoulders. With a man of my temperament it works; and I am satisfied, if Molly gives me her respect, that she should give Hissey her duty."

He ceased, with a little smiling sigh, and lifted a cigarette from a silver case that lay on the table. Le Shore regarded him steadily.

"Mr. Tregarthen," said he, "Molly and I are engaged. I should have told you before."

The older man did not pause in the act of lighting his cigarette; but enjoyed an inhalation of smoke before he answered—

"I plead guilty to a suspicion, Richard. I am confident our vizier has been safe-guarding the proprieties. You remember what I said to you in his excuse just now?"

"I have your sanction, Sir?"

"Certainly, as a form. But I am afraid, from the practical side, you will have to satisfy that same inquisitor."

"Mr. George Hissey," said Dicky, "I have papa's authority to marry Miss Molly. Now, with your permission, I will relieve you of your trust."

"Dicky!" cried the girl reproachfully; and she put her kind young arms round the ex-burglar's neck.

"Unless," said Le Shore, "you care to transfer that to my 'crib,' Mr. Hissey."

The butler cleared his throat.

"Well, I do care, Sir," he said, hoarsely, nevertheless, "since you seen fit to cut that moonshinin' lay. And as to cribs—"

"Molly," said Richard, "there's papa calling."

THE END

THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.



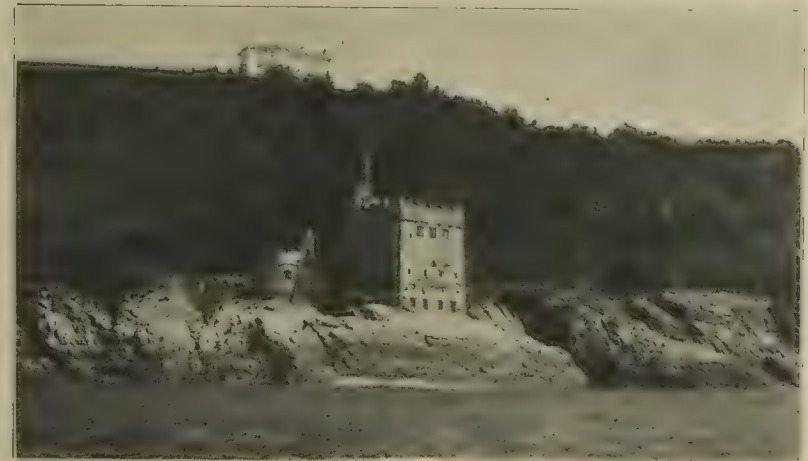
THE HOSPITAL OF THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.



THE NEW NAVAL COLLEGE: THE SPOT WHERE THE KING WILL LAY THE STONE.



DARTMOUTH HARBOUR.



KINGSWEAR CASTLE.

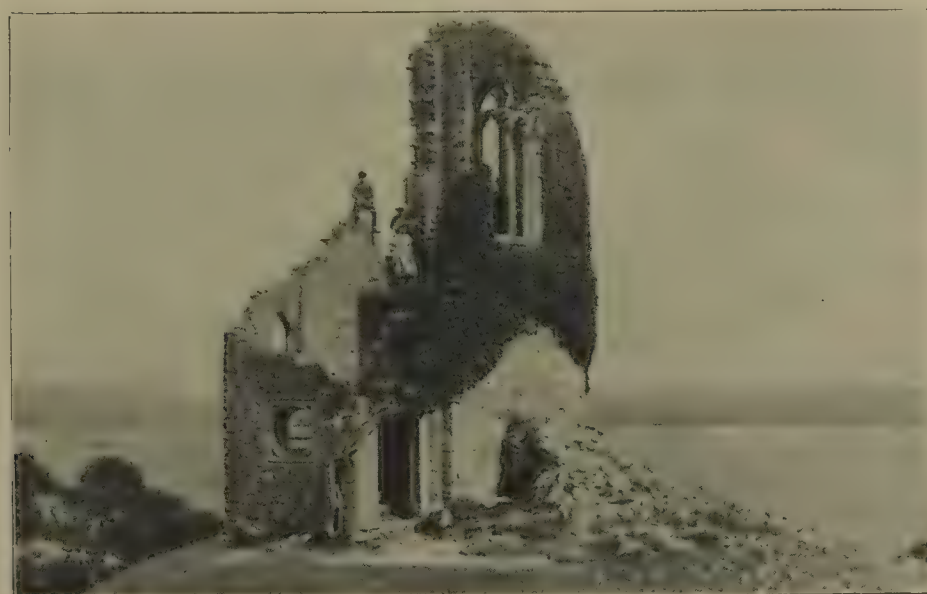
PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. DINHAM, TORQUAY.



MOUNT EDGCUMBE, WHERE THE KING AND QUEEN WILL STAY.



HUNTSMAN'S COTTAGE, MOUNT EDGCUMBE.



THE RUINS, MOUNT EDGCUMBE.



SUMMER-HOUSE IN THE GROUNDS, MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE PRESS ASSOCIATION.

MRS. TREE'S TRIPLE BILL AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



HEARD AT THE TELEPHONE
"GOD! THEY ARE MURDERING HER!"



CÆSARS WIFE
"THE CONFESSION"



CLAUDE RIVERS
MR. HENRY D. COUGLAS



MRS. MONTAGUE
MISS OLLIFFE



J. A.
MISS HARRISON



FELIX O'CALLAGHAN
MR. LEONARD BRYNE
IN
"IRISH ASSURANCE"



MR. BARR
MR. R. WALTER



MR. RIVERS
MR. HUGH CLARK

RALPH CLEAVER 1902.

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. VII.: WILLIAM RUFUS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE CEREMONY ON SEPTEMBER 26, 1087.

THE OLD BATTLE-SHIP "QUEEN": PREDECESSOR OF THE NEW IRONCLAD.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



THE OLD "QUEEN" LEAVING PORTSMOUTH IN 1840.

Launched 1839; Tonnage, 3104; Guns, 110.

H.M.S. "QUEEN," LAUNCHED BY QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT DEVONPORT.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



THE NEW "QUEEN" AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED FOR SEA.

Launched by Queen Alexandra, March 8, 1902; First-class Twin-screw Battle-ship, 15,000 tons.



THE KING AT THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW AT THE AGRICULTURAL HALL, FEBRUARY 27.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.

THE VICTOR HUGO CENTENARY IN PARIS

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT.



Hatto (M. Fenoux).

Magnus (M. Paul Mounet).

Job (M. Mounet-Sully). Othert (M. Lambert). Frederick Barbarossa (M. Silvain).

THE REPRESENTATION OF "LES BURGRAVES" AT THE THÉÂTRE-FRANÇAIS: MAGNUS APOSTROPHISING FREDERICK BARBAROSSA.

AN ART STUDENTS' FANCY-DRESS BALL.

DRAWN BY G. C. WILMSHURST.



THE FINISH OF THE HASSOCK RACE.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have lately been perusing a highly interesting account of certain cases of "word-blindness," as it is called, which have been studied by Dr. James Hinshelwood, of Glasgow. The interest attaching to such cases extends far beyond the field of medical science. To all who desire to know something of the nature of brain ways and works, the records in question must prove of extreme importance. We often gain knowledge of brain-processes more readily through a study of the byways of brain action than through the observation of natural actions.

Under the general name of "aphasia" there have been grouped together a number of conditions, the chief and common characteristic of which is interference to a greater or lesser degree with the powers of speech. One might go further, and say that the conditions in question also represent in their typical development abnormalities of the language-faculty, and disturbances of the means whereby mankind communicate with their fellows. Long ago Broca recognised that in cases in which there was a loss of speech-powers, there was usually seen a paralysis of the right side of the body. Each lobe or half of our brain governs the *opposite* side of the body; therefore, as we are normally right-handed, we are as naturally left-brained. Speech-disturbances, accordingly, associated with right-sided paralysis implied the existence of some trouble in the left side of the brain, and Broca succeeded in localising the affection (in so far as speech was concerned) in a particular part of the left hemisphere of the organ of mind. This part became known as Broca's fold, and it is situated in the third left convolution (or fold) of the brain in the frontal or forehead region. Roughly indicated, we may be said to speak with a certain brain centre or centres placed at the left side of the forehead. That the centres for writing—another mode of communicating with our fellow-men—are also situated in this region, there is every reason to believe.

When the region in question, from one cause or another, is affected, we find aphasia developed. The person understands all that is said to him, but cannot frame words in reply, or may be able to utter only disjointed syllables, and often applies the wrong terms in indicating persons or objects. The words of his language have become utterly unfamiliar to him. It is as though he was being addressed in a language he did not understand. This is "word-deafness." A book placed before him may convey no meaning through its printed words. Thus he may suffer from "word-blindness" as well. In this way science has localised the speech-centres in the left front region of the brain. There are similar centres, of course, in the right half of the brain, but they are inactive in the ordinary individual, for the reason that it is the left half, dominating the right side of the body, that comes to the front in the affairs of human life.

Be that as it may, Dr. Hinshelwood's cases throw additional light on this interesting topic of the localising in the brain of our speech powers. One of his cases is specially interesting in this connection. It was that of an educated man who at first was both word-blind and word-deaf. He improved so far that he could express his ideas, if imperfectly; but it was the word-blindness which persisted longest. A sentence could not be continuously read; the smaller words he knew, but the longer words puzzled him. He could not read them by sight, but if he spelt them out letter by letter he could name the words, the power or memory of hearing evidently assisting him materially. This applied to English. But when Dr. Hinshelwood tested him in reading French, Latin, and Greek, to his surprise he found the patient capable of reading fluently. In the case of Greek, he would correct any blunders he made. Latin was read less perfectly, but much more correctly than English, while French came last in order. He was not so ready in this last case, but still exhibited a marked advance on his English reading. I need hardly add that English was his native tongue.

Numbers did not puzzle him, and he added and subtracted correctly. Multiplication and division, involving more complex work, were not successfully performed. Musical notes presented no difficulty to the patient. He wrote to dictation—that is, when Dr. Hinshelwood saw him, and when he had got over his word-deafness so far—but not fluently nor very correctly. The patient happily improved, so that his powers of reading English fluently returned to him, but he confessed to experiencing a greater mental effort in the case of his own language than in that of the other tongues familiar to them. The very interesting question arising out of an instance such as that indicated, refers to the reason of the differences illustrated in the recognition of different languages. As Dr. Hinshelwood puts the matter, can a man who knows more than one language become word-blind to one and not to the others? Evidently this inquiry may be answered in the affirmative.

Why this should be so can be explained by a reference to what we may call the intimate constitution of the brain. The brain-cells are the active and real organs whereby the brain's work is performed. Now, it is more than probable that just as certain groups of brain-cells are aggregated to form a centre (say that of speech), so within that centre there are minor aggregations of cells, each of which, we may believe, is devoted to the performance of special duties. The memories, ideas, impressions, call them what we will, exercised by certain groups of cells will depend for their reproduction upon the intact nature of these cells. If one group of cells be affected, other groups may be less disorganised. Partial interference will thus explain partial word-blindness. The patient will be word-deaf only to those languages whose controlling cells are thrown out of gear, and in this way we gain a clear idea of the manner in which division of labour is carried on in the higher works of the brain.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

W T PIERCE.—Your welcome contribution shall be examined at once with a view to immediate publication.

W F RATNA GOPAL (Ceylon).—We must ask you to submit the problem on a fresh diagram.

H A SALWAY.—Amended problem to hand. The other you speak of is difficult, but it is too crowded.

M A P.—How can Black play 2. K to Kt 4th in Problem No. 3014?

P BROWNE.—Problem No. 3017 is quite sound, and cannot be solved as you suggest.

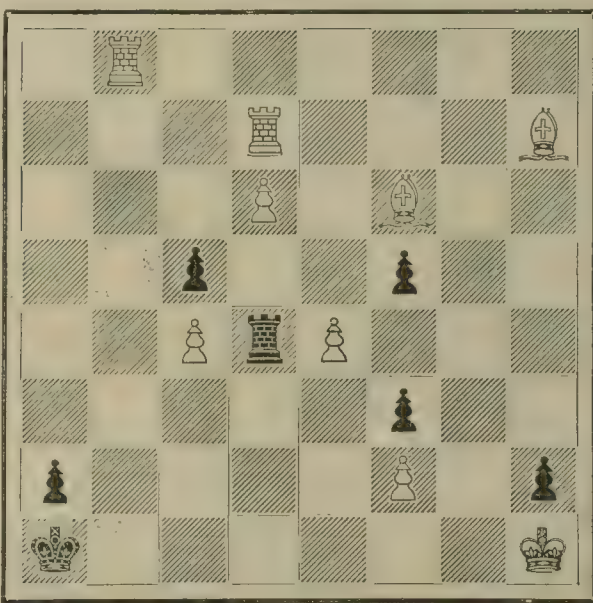
R BEE, T ROBERTS, AND OTHERS.—1. Q to Kt 7th, followed by 2. Kt to Kt 4th, is fatal to Mr. Salway's problem.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3010 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 3012 from J Safer (Cape Town) and Richard Burke (Teldenaiya, Ceylon); of No. 3013 from W F Ratna Gopal (Colpetty, Ceylon); of No. 3015 from Charles Field Junior (Athol, Mass.) and Percy Charles (New York); of No. 3016 from L Gratschoff (Uleaborg, Finland), A G (Pancsova, Hungary), and Eugene Henry (Nunhead); of No. 3017 from F R Picking, Charles Hbbitt, J Stanley James (Foots Cray), Eugene Henry, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), D B R (Oban), James M Bulmer (Peebles), Frank W Atkinson (Crowthorne), J D Tucker (Ilkley), B O Clark (Wolverhampton), Charles Slade, H S Brandreth (San Remo), G C B, and Albert Wolff (Putney).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3018 received from Sorrento, Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), Charles Burnett, F J S (Hampstead), John C Jackson, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), F Dalby, Shadforth, W D Easton (Sunderland), Reginald Gordon, Eugene Henry (Nunhead), C E Perugini, T J Wrightson, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), R Worters (Canterbury), T Roberts, Rev. A Mays (Bedford), L Desanges, Thomas M Eglinton (Handsworth), and Rev. Robert Bee (Cowpen).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3017.—BY IRVING CHAPIN.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. K to R 3rd. Any move.
2. Mates.
PROBLEM No. 3020.—BY HENRY WHITTEN.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN MONTE CARLO.

Game played in the Tournament between Messrs. W. E. NAPIER and J. MASON.

(Ruy Lopez.)

| | | | |
|--|----------------|---------------------|------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. N.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) | WHITE (Mr. N.) | BLACK (Mr. M.) |
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th | 16. P takes P | B to Q 4th |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | 17. Q Kt to K 4th | |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | Kt to B 3rd | | |
| 4. Castles | H to K 2nd | | |
| 5. Kt to B 3rd | P to Q 3rd | | |
| 6. P to Q 4th | P takes P | | |
| 7. Kt takes P | B to Q 2nd | | |
| 8. B takes Kt | | | |
| This exchange is not recognised as advantageous. The King's Bishop is very useful in this opening, and should be exchanged only for the Queen's Bishop of Black. | | | |
| 9. K Kt to K 2nd | P takes B | 17. B takes R (ch) | |
| 10. Kt to Kt 3rd | R to K sq | 18. K takes B | Q to R 5th |
| 11. Q to Q 3rd | P to Q R 4th | 19. Q to Q 4th | P to B 3rd |
| 12. P to Kt 3rd | B to K B sq | 20. Kt to Q B 5th | B to Kt 5th |
| 13. B to Kt 2nd | Kt to Kt 5th | 21. R to R sq | R to K 7th (ch) |
| 14. P to B 3rd | Kt takes P | 22. K takes R | Q takes Kt |
| The sacrifice does not appear sound, inasmuch as White need not take the Knight at once, and it cannot get away; but Black plays a fine game, and pursues it admirably to the close. | | | |
| 15. R to B 2nd | P to Q 4th | 23. R takes Kt | R to K sq (ch) |
| | | 24. K to Q 2nd | Q to K 8th (ch) |
| | | 25. K to Q 3rd | B to B 4th (ch) |
| | | 26. Kt to K 4th | B takes Kt (ch) |
| | | 27. P takes B | Q to Kt 6th (ch) |
| | | 28. K to B 4th | Q takes R |
| | | 29. P takes P | Q takes P |
| | | 30. Q to Q 5th (ch) | K to R sq |
| | | 31. K to Q 3rd | Q to B 8th (ch) |
| | | 32. K to Q 4th | Q to Q 8th (ch) |
| | | | White resigns. |

Another game in the Tournament between Mr. JANOWSKY.

and Dr. TARRASCH.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

| | | | |
|---|----------------|----------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE (Mr. J.) | BLACK (Dr. T.) | WHITE (Mr. J.) | BLACK (Dr. T.) |
| 1. P to Q 4th | P to Q 4th | 17. Kt to K 4th | B to Kt 3rd |
| 2. P to Q B 4th | P to K 4th | | |
| 3. Q P takes P | P to Q 5th | | |
| 4. Kt to K B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd | | |
| 5. P to Q R 3rd | P to Q R 4th | | |
| 6. P to R 3rd | B to Q B 4th | | |
| 7. B to Kt 5th | K Kt to K 2nd | | |
| 8. Q Kt to Q 2nd | P to R 3rd | | |
| 9. B to R 4th | B to K 3rd | | |
| 10. P to B sq | P to R 5th | | |
| 11. P to Kt 4th | Q to Q 2nd | | |
| 12. B to Kt 2nd | Kt to Kt 3rd | | |
| As here played, it seems that Black accomplishes the rare feat of retaining the gambit Pawn, and he has now a rather superior game. | | | |
| 13. B to Kt 3rd | P to R 4th | 18. B takes Kt | R takes B |
| 14. P takes P | R takes P | 19. P to B 5th | B to R 4th (ch) |
| 15. P to R 4th | K Kt takes P | 20. K to B sq | B to Kt 6th |
| 16. Kt takes Kt | Kt takes Kt | 21. Q to Q 3rd | R to R 3rd |
| | | 22. Kt to Kt 5th | B to Q 4th |
| | | 23. B takes B | Q takes B |
| | | 24. R to R 3rd | R to K 2nd |
| | | 25. R to B 4th | R to Q 2nd |
| | | 26. Kt to B 3rd | R to Q B 3rd |
| | | 27. R takes Q P | Q to K 3rd |
| | | 28. Kt to Kt 5th | R takes R |
| | | 29. Q takes R | Q to Q 2nd |
| | | 30. R to K 3rd (ch) | K to Q sq |
| | | 31. Kt takes P (ch) | K to B sq |
| | | 32. Q takes Q (ch) | Kt takes Q |
| | | 33. Kt to K 5th (ch) | Resigns. |

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

LONDON'S FOREST FRINGE.

After a night without moon or star (both drowned in tempestuous, murky grey) a sullen dawn spread over the roofs of London. In the east is a bleared saffron, hardly changing as the light grows stronger, yet extending its demesne by narrow firths of colour. At this hour, and at a distance, the City differs in a strangely small degree from a league of wintry forest, dark and bare. But in a few minutes the illusion passes. Turret and spire and mast now pierce like cut ebony into a glassy air. The hard shadows are wiped from off the paths, and eastward a sierra of motionless cloud has built itself out of the vacant air. On such a morning, to walk through London into the delicate country at its border is to go on a journey of discovery. Here and there I hear rumours of the place to which I am going, as Columbus saw land-birds over the sea when he drew near America; now it is a market-cart with farmyard perfumes, gross or sweet, but all delicious; again, it is a basket of February violets from Kent; and now a tramp, bedabbled with wholesome mud. Overhead, the rooks are travelling in an opposite direction, flying low, and keeping the same path, within a street's breadth, as they have done for years. The first snowdrops and celandines are at my feet, while the strokes of Big Ben are drumming sharply over miles of streets, with a sound that is now pleasant and now terrible, like a school-bell to a truant boy.

Under these pines, on the inner side of that circle of country which is the silver lining of London gloom, the underwood is faintly green on this late winter day. The only wintry colour is the sombre purple of the bramble leaf. A large and variegated bouquet of flowers might be gathered in a dozen yards, and the whole scene suggests that Sir William Temple was right when he esteemed "the true region of gardens in England" to be within a radius of ten miles about London. This, he thought, was on account of the artificial heat from the factory fires. And who has not noticed a handful of fresh leaves on the boughs of a tree that adjoins a factory when its neighbours have long been naked? A street-lamp, even an open-air coffee-stall, fosters the elm leaves far into November. Beech boughs overarch the path leading to the pines. Brown and worn, the path is fringed with delicate grass and figured at the edge by mallow and silverweed. More than any other tree, the beech lets fall its boughs in fine curves—not, like the willow, from mere feebleness—forming in an avenue a succession of gloomy arches lighted by its own leaves. The starlings are gathering on telegraph-wires and bare juts of elm, but the day has that surpassing tranquillity of an autumn day just outside London. I suppose the suburban agriculture is not really languid, yet I have spent hours among these fields in perfect solitude. Bordering on the town, this country has a delicacy which is remarkable even for Surrey. The birch is always an airy tree; here it seems hardly to be rooted in the earth, and ever on tiptoe for flight; and as one by one its numbers are lessened before the moving city, I have fancied they gave a shriek more than usually touching beneath the woodman's axe. Their station is soon hidden away, but the soil becomes a grave that has its ghostly monuments, and the departed limes and beeches reappear sometimes in the night. The presence of the city in the background, with its Titanic light and shadow, adds to the charm of this pinewood. Like lovely features painted by Da Vinci amidst the prodigious forms of rocks or the dark courses of great waters, the flowers in these fields have a strangeness in their beauty. I think one may find in them something like the pallor of premature thought in childish faces.

Surely, the evil influence of London upon Nature has been vastly overestimated. Setting aside the rich effects of light radiating through and through smoke, and the finely graduated crescendo of greys upon the sooty walls, there is good reason for rejoicing at the growth in number and variety of flowers that live on railway embankments in the heart of the town. I have counted twenty different October wild flowers on one such embankment, as the train passed rapidly! Here the quick, petulant rustle of poplars is soon exchanged for the mighty harmony of a mile of pines. The first was like the play of foam; this is like the vaulting surge itself. Here and there the meadows appear through the pines, calm as a picture. The brindled herd strays, a mile an hour, shoulder-deep in fern. The nuthatch is whit-whitting in the elms. Beyond the stirring of the trees, there is a stillness, as if life was in awe of the great sound. One moment, the green woodpecker's rending laugh shatters the silence; or the jays cry like harpies overhead; or a wood-pigeon claps her wings. For hours the only audible sound is the tinkling voices of unseen titmice. Underfoot, the tread is silent on a deep mat of leaves and moss. Looking away from the sun, to the north, the many boles give the effect of grey mist or suspended dust. The nearer pines rise straight to their tufted boughs. In the yielding soil they find light roothold, which in a gale allows them to fall aslant without snapping. When the murmur in the crests is hushed, a gust will often come low down, making the bracken chafe the bark, and a wizard flush colour the stems. The hue of the pines will vary with the light. In storm it is blue; at dawn, seen in the west, it is black; a bright sun reduces them to silver. On the sandy walks red-waisted ants are busy, and nothing, not even the Suez Canal which you cut with your stick, can stop their march. The way canter of a stoat faintly stirs the underwood. Between the pines, which break up at last, red cottages burn long in the late sun, and there is a sound of linnets in the gorse, as the moon shoulders an orange rim above the clouds. Not even in the city, reached at last, can we get rid of Nature and the fields. First the rooks caw over the streets, following an airy path, not always the same as at dawn, that is perhaps older than the town, formed, it may be, when there were trees instead of chimneys. Next, the migrating companies pass low down. And all through the night there are bird-voices among the clouds, now a Richmond heron or a swan, now a wild duck, and now the wandering, sad voice of a pewit or a golden plover.

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- 21 LAMINITIS

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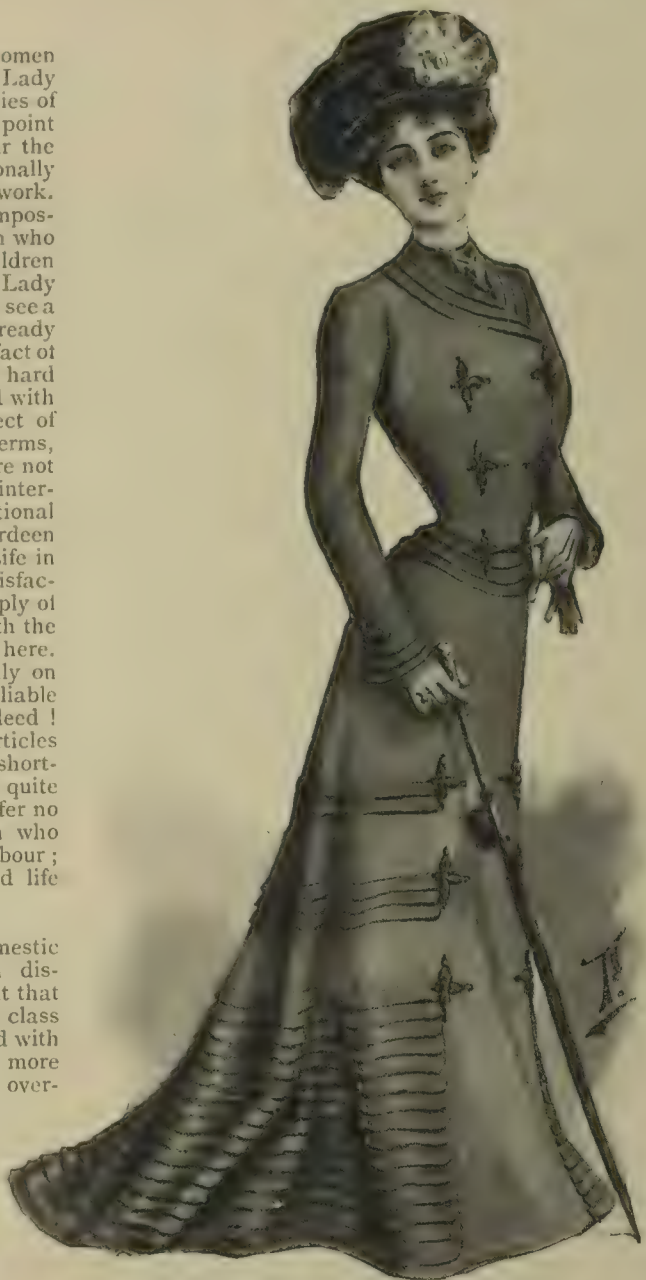
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LADIES' PAGES.

A rather appalling article on the prospects of women emigrating to South Africa was lately published by Lady Hely-Hutchinson, who has had personal opportunities of studying the question. She is emphatic on the point that sensitive and refined women are not fit to bear the hardships of the life unless they are both exceptionally strong in health and thoroughly trained in domestic work. The trouble is that white servants are almost impossible to obtain for money, and that the Kaffir men who have to be employed instead have "the brains of children and the vices of men." Under these conditions, Lady Hely-Hutchinson says that it is no uncommon thing to see a young farmer of only about thirty years old who has already had occasion to provide a grave for three wives. The fact of the matter appears to be that women will not do the hard domestic work of frontier life unless they are bribed with the title of mistress of the house, and the prospect of motherhood, and even when they accept it on those terms, the work is so hard that it kills those of them who are not strong! The same story comes from Canada in an interesting volume, "Women of Canada," that the National Council of Women has prepared, and that Lady Aberdeen has edited. The writer of the section on "Home Life in the West" innocently says, "We trust that a satisfactory way may be found of bringing the surplus supply of trained house-servants in older lands into touch with the pressing need and the great demand for them here. Pioneer life on the farms has borne most heavily on the women because of the difficulty of procuring reliable domestic help." The "surplus supply," indeed! Would that we possessed it! But these same articles say that the Colonies do not need governesses, short-hand typists, or nurses; the local supply is quite adequate. In fine, it is plain that the Colonies offer no field for the educated and refined young woman who wants to live by her brains, and not by muscular labour; and that those of this class who become wives find life thenceforth a truly laborious business.

Perhaps the positive hard work involved in domestic employments is never adequately recognised in discussing the question. But girls are not so slow but that they can perceive it, and the woman of any social class who goes to the Colonies has to become acquainted with the fact by experience. There is, I fear, really no more killing torture than comes with genuine physical over-fatigue; and what would be comparatively light to trained muscles and practised hands and backs is too dreadful to slender forms and cultivated nervous systems. But it is to be noted that even where the need is most urgently felt of the work of women as domestics, there is not a corresponding wage offered. The Canadian Women's Council handbook says that the maid-of-all-work in the colony is only paid from a pound to two pounds a month, and she not only sweeps and cleans



A TAILOR-MADE GOWN DECORATED BY TUCKS.

and cooks, and often makes both bread and butter, but also has usually to do the family's washing, always the ironing. Even a skilled cook can command no more than from three to four pounds. Of course, this is in addition to board and lodging; but still the needed domestic skill is not adequately valued.

There is a great deal that is interesting in the "Canadian Women's Handbook," besides the oft-repeated information that only domestic servants and farm-labourers are wanted as immigrants. The section on the Indian women tells us that the early European settlers found the women of the Iroquois in possession of a large share of political power. One of the articles on this subject is written by an Indian woman, Tekahiou-coaka by name (Englished, I know not how, into Pauline Johnson!), and she observes that her tribe, the Iroquois Indians, are admittedly unsurpassed for "physical strength, intelligence and mental acquirements, morality, and military prowess"; and then she adds that this brave race of warriors not only transmit their family rights and even their Chief's titles through the daughter and not through the son, but also that the Indian mothers are entitled to a direct voice in the Council of the nation. "The privilege which titled Iroquois women possess, of speaking in the great Council of the nation," she says, is exercised still; "and note the deference with which the old Chiefs listen when some woman sees the necessity of stepping into public affairs, and you will admit that not all civilised races honour their women so highly as these stern warriors and braves." The historical sketch of the colony that begins the book also tells us that "early explorers found in the valley of the Mohawk an organisation known as the Women's Council, very active and esteemed. It had the right of initiative in discussion, and presented the subjects for discussion to the Council of Chiefs, where the women had the right to have a delegate. In determining the choice of the Chief, the voice of the Women's Council was almost final"; and again we are told that the question of when to declare war and on what terms to make peace was left by the Iroquois warriors almost entirely to the women. "The men of this nation were the fiercest of the New World. The liberty granted by them to their women commended itself no more highly to civilised Europeans than did their other heathen practices."

Princess Christian, who takes so practical an interest in the Royal School of Art Needlework, and sells in person at its annual sales when able, has appointed March 18 for the opening day of the sale, which is generally held in June. This year it is felt necessary not to clash with the many fixtures that will centre round the Coronation week, and no doubt H.R.H. hopes also to lead ladies to bear in mind in good time how well able the workers connected with the school are to undertake the fine embroideries that will be wanted for the great affairs of this season. This sale is always one of the most

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Now that light colours are coming into such vogue, all the more gladly accepted because of the long reign of black, it behoves us to take care that we discover and ever remember the exact shades that suit our own complexions. The reasons why certain colours, however beautiful in themselves, will not suit us all, are various, nor do all shades of a colour produce identical effects. It is an error to suppose, for instance, that yellow is necessarily unfavourable to blondes in all its shades. It is the orange tint, deep or slight, that is specially the brunette's tint; and only for her with a clear complexion. Orange, like red, contrasts with the dark hair and skin, and becomingly deepens their effect. For the blonde, the delicate yellow of ripe corn is actually beautifying, making the fair skin whiter by contrast. Green, again, in moss and eau-de-Nil tints, most becoming to blondes, has some tones that are very favourable to brunettes—the emerald greens, not too bright—while the moss greens can be worn by either blonde or brunette, though most suited to the fair girl; and the lighter shades of green are not becoming to ruddy complexions of either the fair or dark type of skin, as they increase the hot look by the effect of “complementary” colour. If you look hard at green for a few minutes you will find that the eye has a red colour in it, as it were, which is reflected on all else that the gaze falls upon for a time. In the glances that are given at a costume while worn, this same effect is but slightly produced, and thus a rosy tone is diffused on the skin. Bright green, therefore, is becoming to the pale but clear skin, but not to the high or muddled complexion. Violet has yellow for its complementary colour, and is only becoming near the face if the skin be quite free from yellow tints of its own, as few brunettes (and, sooth to say, not many blondes!) can claim to be. Blue is remarkably becoming to fair complexions, but in all save dark shades throws too deep a shadow on the brunette, and is not favourable to her. White, not dead or pure white, but slightly yellowed—the creamy tint, in fact—is almost always becoming, and if one desires to wear a gown of a rather difficult tint, such as most people find pronounced violet to be, for instance, the interposition of cream lace or chiffon makes the feat possible. The French saying that “black is flattering to blondes” is contradicted in most cases of what we English know as blonde women; for the dull complexions that in France pass for fair, as a rule, the sombre hue is no doubt becoming; but for the brilliant soft colouring that the fairer inhabitants of our temperate and moist climate can boast, unrelieved black is trying, or at least not heightening, to the beauty, and an admixture of either white, pink, or blue is, if it be permissible, highly to be commended.

Glacé silk is likely to be much used for visiting-gowns; it is really a very smart material, and a gown that will have a sufficiently complex appearance is in it fairly easily constructed. Pippings down the seams are used on



A PRACTICAL WALKING-DRESS TRIMMED WITH BRAID.

one of the glacé models (in a pale green) just offered from Paris, and no other trimmings, save that there is a shaped flounce round the foot, also piped round the top, and a narrow line of lace insertion in pointed form heads this flounce below the piping cord. The bodice has a little tail to the coat, which is then cut away rather sharply in front, piped round everywhere, and the tails decorated with lace to match the skirt, and the bodice just held together in front by a point on the bust fixed with one large handsome diamond button. The undervest, which is of considerable importance because it is a good deal visible, is of accordion-pleated pink chiffon, and there is a black velvet narrow belt and collar-band. A pin-spotted biscuit-coloured glacé, the spots white, is made with a triple flounce round the skirt, each headed with a band of embroidered silk galon, the prevailing tone on it pink. This bodice is again somewhat in coat style, strapped with narrow bands of the pink and biscuit galon, and opening over a vest of gay-flowered cream brocade that fits the figure closely, and is fastened down with tiny jewelled buttons. This vest is cut down V-shape at the bust, rather like a man's waistcoat, and the top is filled with white pleated chiffon; there is no collar. Taffetas in various designs is also likely to be much used for the smarter order of spring gowns.

Very lovely and dainty are the spring tones that are being offered to us. Reseda green and porcelain blue, that delicate shade known as Wedgwood blue, from having been chosen by the great potter for much of his best wares, and the palest of heliotropes or mauves are shown in crêpe-de-Chine, foulard, and voile. As to the dainty muslins and batistes already displayed, they are exquisite in colouring and patterning. We have all the pretty designs of our grandmothers back again; chiné blurred effects, and clear patterns of clusters of gay blossoms thrown on a plain ground, and crinkly surfaces full of lights and shades, are all here. Flowered muslins seem wondrous cheap at a shilling or two a yard; but, since they are so delicate and will never endure the laundry, may not prove so inexpensive in the end, for the detail of dressmaking grows ever more complex and therefore costly. Lines of lace and incrustations of embroidery seem necessary further to adorn the most delicate and charming of fabrics. Tucks and frills are endless. The newest sleeve is one series of loosely falling frills all down the arm, and the skirt is arranged with two dozen tiny frills to match.

A couple of thoroughly up-to-date tailor-made dresses are sketched by our Artist this week. The first is a practical gown in light cloth, decorated by rows of tucks finished with braid motifs. The hat worn with this costume is of chip, turned up at the back, and trimmed by means of a black feather. The second gown is also of cloth; it is trimmed by rows of braid, a tiny button being placed at the end of each band. The coat with its long double basque is very neat. A pretty toque of velvet and lace is worn.

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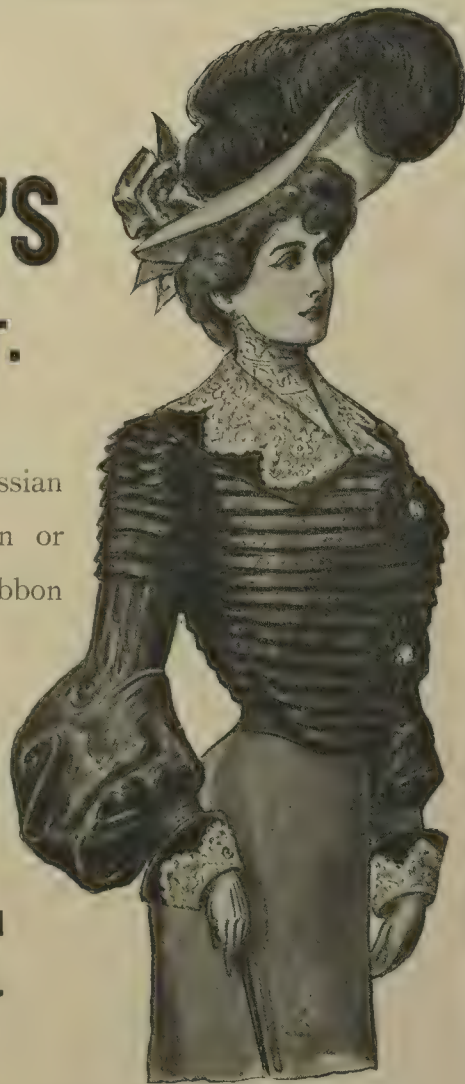
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ECCLESIASTICAL
NOTES.

Father Dolling's course of midday sermons at St. Paul's last week was very much appreciated, especially by City men. In one address the Poplar clergyman referred to the play of "Ulysses," with its marvellous representation of the underworld. It was possible, he thought, for human beings, even while alive, to enter such a world and move among the ghosts of old sins.

Bishop Montgomery will preach the annual sermon at St. Paul's Cathedral on the anniversary of the S.P.G. The date fixed is Thursday, April 24. Bishop Montgomery has been occupied during the last two months in mastering the details of the society's business, and has not been heard very often in the pulpit. At a meeting last week, presided over by the Bishop of Winchester, the new secretary explained his plans for the development of the society's work. A fresh house is to be obtained, as the Government will soon need the site of the present premises in Delahay Street. The S.P.G. will also imitate its sister society in Salisbury Square by appointing an editorial department, with secretary and staff. It will be fortunate indeed if it secures such a secretary as Mr. Eugene Stock.

Lord Rosebery's two visits to the City Temple have attracted great interest among Dr. Parker's congregation. On the first occasion the ex-Premier notified his visit, but on the second he arrived unexpectedly in the evening. He followed Dr. Parker's sermon with attentive interest, and as on the first Sunday he had sat rather too

far back to hear perfectly, he changed his place on the second visit to a seat near the front.

A striking sermon was preached by the Rev. H. V. S. Eck at St. Paul's Cathedral on the Sunday of the Bishop of London's ordination. Mr. Eck dwelt on the responsibility of the laity towards the clergy. "If the people," he said, "want men who preach a comfortable doctrine and an easy-going religion, men to whom they themselves could speak on every topic but their own soul's need, men who are found more often at the theatre and in Society

saddest signs of the day. Father Dolling preached on the same subject not long ago.

Dr. Trower, the new Bishop of Likoma, has been presented with a ring by the past and present students of Ely Theological College, where he received his early training. The ring is a large amethyst set with gold and engraved with the Bishop's arms and those of his see. Dr. Chandler, the Bishop of Bloemfontein, was a student at the college in 1884, and he is to receive a present of theological and liturgical books.

than in the home of suffering and sorrow, undoubtedly they can obtain such clergy." But he believed, on the contrary, that the people wished their clergy to be a holy priesthood. "Much is heard," he remarked, "of the desire of the lay churchgoer for better sermons, but a far deeper desire is that the spiritual teacher shall be able to declare the whole counsel of God."

Westminster Abbey will be closed and handed over to the Earl Marshal on April 1, but it is expected that arrangements will be made to carry on the daily services elsewhere while they are suspended in the choir. It is understood that the Abbey will be closed until the beginning of August.

Canon Armitage Robinson's Lent lectures at the Abbey have been very successful, although the crowds are much smaller than those to which the Bishop of Worcester was accustomed. In one recent address Dr. Robinson spoke of the decay of parental authority, which he considers one of the



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MUSIC.

An excellent concert was given at the St. James's Hall on Friday, Feb. 28, in aid of the work carried out by the Ladies of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, for the sick and destitute poor of London. Only one disappointment was felt, in the enforced absence of Mrs. Beerbohm Tree from illness. Madame Albani sang faultlessly and with unusual charm of expression the prayer and scene, "L'Extase de la Vierge" of Massenet, with a harp obligato of Miss Purcell, and the aria "L'amero" of Mozart, with a violin obligato of Madame Langley. Mr. Santley sang his well-known selection of songs, "The Maid of Athens," "To Althea," and "The Erl King." He gave also a humorous ballad as an encore.

Herr Wilhelm Backhaus gave evidence of much conscientious study of technique and quiet artistic taste in his pianoforte recital on Tuesday afternoon, Feb. 25, at the St. James's Hall. His rendering of the Sonata Op. 27, No. 2, of Beethoven, popularly known as the "Moonlight Sonata," was faultless, but he must guard against an over-elaboration of refinement, that might in time make his playing lose its breadth and become pallid. He played delightfully the Italian Concerto of Bach, the "Variations Sérieuses" of Mendelssohn, four pieces out of "The Seasons" of Tchaikowsky, and a Valse Impromptu and Polonaise in E Major of Liszt. Miss Lilian Foulis assisted Herr Backhaus, and played the violin part in the Rondeau Brillant of Schubert, written for the pianoforte and violin. She also played alone the violin solo of Ernst, "Ungarische Melodien," and the "Fantasia Appassionata" of Vieuxtemps.

The penultimate Ballad Concert at the St. James's Hall was given on Wednesday, Feb. 26, and a mammoth programme was arranged. Only one singer was absent from illness, Mr. Laurence Rea; but Mr. Dalton Baker filled his place with the cheery song of Mr. Hermann Lohr, "Chorus, Gentlemen," which was beautifully sung; and "Trankadillo," of J. L. Molloy. Among the new songs were "I need thee so," by Mr. Noel Johnson, and "The Maid of Hampton Lock," by Mr. Paul Rubens. In each case the words are delightful, written for the first song by Marie Hedderwick, and for the second by Mr. Paul Rubens himself, who has the great advantage over other ballad-writers in being able to write his own lyrics. "The Maid of Hampton Lock" will be a very popular song, for it is quaint and original, though Mr. Denham Price did not make all that could be made of it on Wednesday last. A delightful song was sung in a breezy fashion by Miss Florence Bulleid, who has a very fresh and pleasing voice—"Jan's Courtship," arranged by S. Baring-Gould. Madame Alice Gomez sang "Love's Coronation," of Florence Aylward, with an organ obligato by Mr. E. R. Terry. Mr. Ben Davies sang "Salve Dimora" from "Faust." Madame Alice Esty and Miss Hortense Paulsen also sang, and Mr. Maurice Farkoa gave his charming songs, "Timidité" and "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," in French, with an encore of a fascinating old country ballad, "Grégoire." M. Johannes Wolff played an "Elevation" and a "Serenade" of Arthur Heryevy, but he was not in his usual form. A new musical monologue, entitled "The Eternal Feminine," the libretto written by L. Duncombe and the music by Madame Liza Lehmann, was most divertingly

and gracefully given by Miss Lilian Eldée for the first time, accompanied by the composer. The lyrics, "The Letter Song" and "To a Careless Lover," were musical, and should become very popular. Stage properties on the concert platform always make a welcome diversion.

The Popular Concerts are drawing to an end, but they contrive to keep up their interest by fresh items on their programmes. That of Saturday, March 1, had only one fault, and that was its length; this was accentuated by the discomfort and weariness that arise from the faulty ventilation of the hall. One novelty was "Cameos," which consist of five Greek love-songs by Liza Lehmann. Mr. O'Mara sang them, and Madame Liza Lehmann accompanied. They are melodious and cleverly harmonised. The second novelty was a quintet in C minor, scored for strings and pianoforte, composed by Baron Frédéric d'Erlanger. The andante is especially beautiful, and the finale and scherzo show considerable talent. Baron d'Erlanger played the pianoforte part; M. Tivadar Nachez, Mr. Haydn Inwards, Mr. Alfred Gibson, and M. Carl Fuchs played the string parts. Miss Evelyn Stuart, the brilliant young pianist, played solos from Schumann, Rubinstein, and Leo.—M. I. H.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1900), with a codicil (dated May 13, 1901), of Mr. Panaghi Athanasius Vagliano, of 19, Old Broad Street, E.C., merchant, who died at 16, Dawson Place, Bayswater, on Jan. 25, was proved on Feb. 25 by Alcibiades Vagliano, Basil Metaxos Vagliano, and Marino Andrea Vagliano, the nephews, three of the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £2,888,095. The testator gives £500,000, upon trust, to apply the income for charitable objects in the island of Cephalonia, such objects to include the establishment of or aid in establishing or aid to churches, hospitals, and schools, and assistance to poor and aged persons, resident in or natives of the island; and £25,000 each to Athanasius Lazarius Rossolimos, Lucas Lazarius Rossolimos, and Gerasimo Michael Cambizzi. The residue of his property he leaves as to fifteen hundredths each to his nephews Alcibiades Vagliano and Athanasius Mari Vagliano; and ten hundredths each to his nephews Marino Andia Vagliano, Athanasius Andrea Vagliano, Michael Spiridion Vagliano, Athanasius Spiridion Vagliano, Christoforos Spiridion Vagliano, Athanasius Metaxos Vagliano, and Basil Metaxos Vagliano.

The will (dated Oct. 22, 1897) of Mr. Henry Longbottom, of Southfield, Harrogate, and formerly of

Bradford, wool-merchant, who died on Jan. 1, was proved on Feb. 19 by William Henry Lister Longbottom, the son, John Lupton Booth, and Charles Mosley Dawson, the executors, the value of the estate being £520,428. The testator devises all his real estate to his son; and all his personal property he leaves, as to two fifths, to his son, and three fifths between his daughters, Mrs. Jane Edith Booth, Mrs. Emily Anne Clough, and Mrs. Madeline Florence Dawson, and his grandson Michael Henry Sheard.

The will (dated Sept. 25, 1901) of Dr. Thomas Kidley, of Broomspring House, Sheffield, who died in December last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Feb. 3 by Frederick Charles Wilde, the sole executor, the value of the estate amounting to £511,750. The testator gives his estates at Nash, Hereford, and at or near Carrickfergus, Ireland, to his niece Penelope; all his shares and interest in the Staveley Coal and Iron Company, Limited, to Miss Violet Rosa Markham; £1000 to Christopher Barker; and the residue of his property to his friend Frederick Charles Wilde.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1899), with four codicils (dated May 10 and Nov. 12, 1900, and Jan. 8 and April 1, 1901), of Sir James Laing, of Thornhill, Sunderland, and Etal Manor, Northumberland, shipbuilder, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Feb. 11 at

the Durham District Registry by Hugh Laing and Bryan Laing, the sons, the value of the estate being £121,402. He gives £1000, and during her widowhood an annuity of £3000, to his wife; £25,000, upon trust, for the children of his deceased son James, in addition to £20,000 already settled on them; £7000, upon trust, for the children of his deceased son Arthur; £14,000 and £5000 for George Laing; £10,000, upon trust, for his son Philip Henry; £100 each to his daughters Mary Featherstonhaugh, Florence Talbot Paget, Sophia Talbot Leather, Margaret Dunbar Stokes, Mabel Talbot Cowan, and Eleanor Stepney Laing, who have been already provided for; and £13,500, on trust, for each of his other daughters. The residue of his property he leaves to his sons Hugh and Bryan.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1900), with a codicil (dated Jan. 6, 1902), of Mr. George Penniston, of 24, Sholebroke Avenue, Leeds, who died in January, was proved on Feb. 4 at the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Dorothy Dale Penniston, the widow, William Arthur Penniston, the son, George Alfred Jefferson, and John Harold Barraclough, the executors, the value of the estate being £110,044. The testator bequeaths American railway bonds of the value of 11,000 dollars each to his children William Arthur Penniston, Mrs. Dinah Elizabeth Jefferson, Mrs. Sarah Ann Barraclough, Mrs. Isabella

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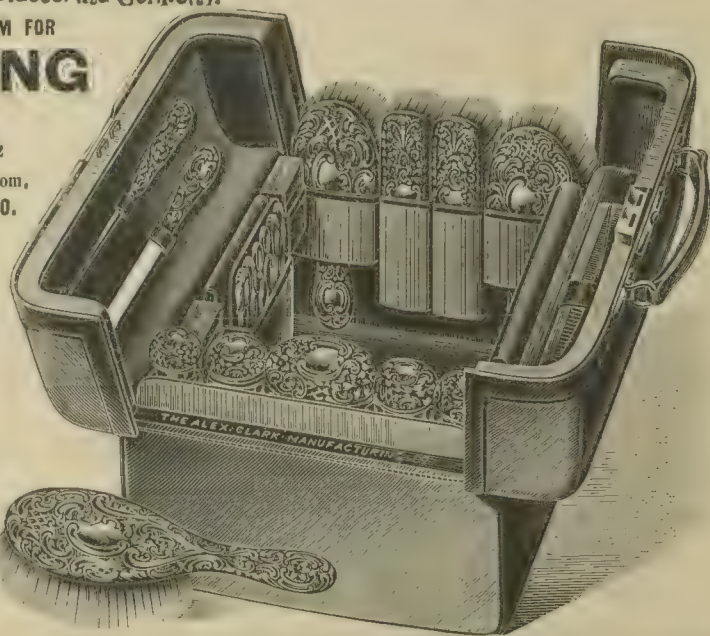
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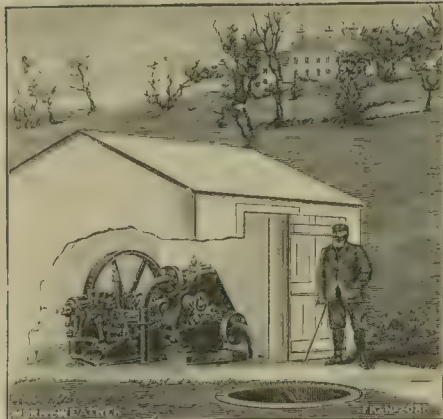


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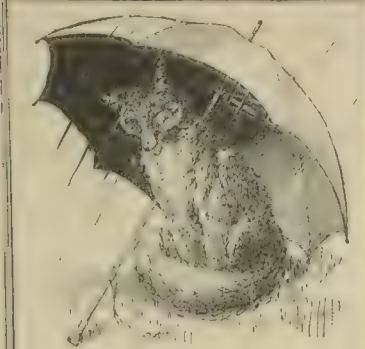


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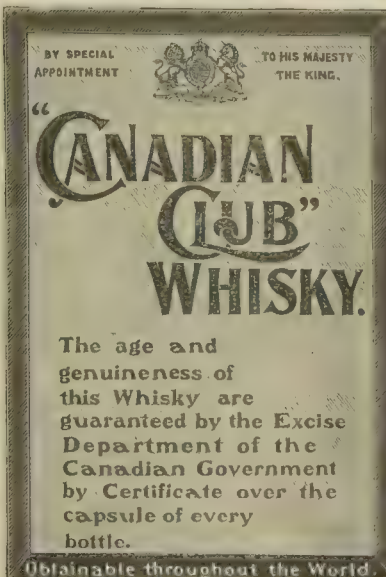
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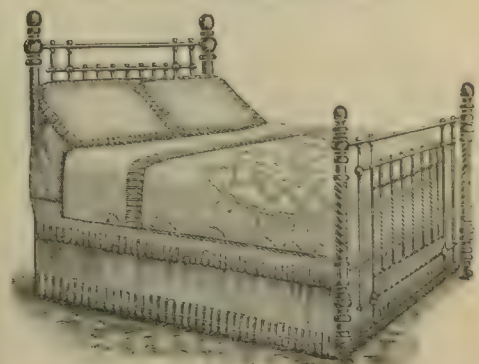
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Hirst, and Mrs. Hannah Mary Leathley. All other his property he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Sept. 16, 1899) of Mr. Johann Daniel Delius, of Balcombe, Sussex, and of the firm of D. and R. Delius, Bradford, wool and yarn merchants, who died on Dec. 31, was proved on Feb. 18 by Mrs. Marguerite Delius, the widow, Rudolf Delius, the brother, and Robert Percy St. Martin Delius, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £86,554. The testator bequeaths £1,300 to his wife; £2,000 each to his children, and the issue of any deceased child; £8,000 each to his sons; and £8,000 each, upon trust, for his daughters. The residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his wife during her life or widowhood, and then for his children.

The will (dated May 19, 1897) of Mr. Samuel Fisher Ibbotson, of Hillbrow, Broomhall Park, Sheffield, who died on Jan. 6, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Feb. 22 by Mrs. Mary Ibbotson, the widow, Charles Edmund Hall, and Augustus Frederick Stone, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £75,895. The testator gives £2,000 each to his brothers Alfred Buckingham Ibbotson, Horatio Walter Ibbotson, and Edward Charles Ibbotson, and to his sister, Ann

Maria Roberts; £500 each to his nephews Edward Charles Ibbotson junior and William Frederick Ibbotson; £500 each to his nieces Mary Louise Ibbotson, and Mina Roberts; £250 each to his executors; and £250 each to Lucy Ibbotson Hutt and Alice Mary Hall. His residuary estate he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated June 9, 1897), with two codicils (dated March 21, 1899, and Jan. 29, 1901), of Mr. Andrew Simon Lamb, of St. Andrew's Villa, Brunswick Place, Southampton, and the Inner Temple, who died on Dec. 14, was proved on Feb. 20 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hickman, the sister, Walter Randall Lomer, and Frederick John Burnett, the executors, the value of the estate being £72,265. The testator bequeaths £5,000 each to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the Bible Lands Missions Aid Society (7, Adam Street), the China Inland Mission, the Church Association, Drummond's Tract Enterprise (Stirling), the Irish Church Mission to the Roman Catholics, the Monthly Tract Society (181, Queen Victoria Street), the London Association in Aid of the Moravian Mission, the Protestant Alliance, the Spanish and Portuguese Church Aid Society (Dean's Yard, Westminster), and the Royal Hospital for Incurables (Putney);

and £1,000 each to the Anglo-Indian Evangelisation Society and the Waldensian Church Mission in Italy. Subject to legacies to executors, he leaves the residue of his property to his sister.

The will (dated May 1, 1897), with three codicils (dated Dec. 3, 1898, Feb. 13, 1899, and May 8, 1899), of Mrs. Fanny Osbaldeston Mitford, of West Street, Chichester, who died on Dec. 9, widow of Colonel J. P. O. Mitford, of Mitford Castle, Northumberland, was proved on Feb. 21 by Bertram George Mitford, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £26,652. The testatrix gives £100 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Zanzibar Mission, the Gordon Boys' Home, and St. Mary's Home (Wantage); £50 each to the Nurses' Institution and the Diocesan Home, Newcastle, the income for life of £6,000 to Mrs. Fanny Letitia Browne; £5,000, upon trust, for her nephew Charles Lloyd Mitford; £7,000, upon trust, for her sister-in-law, the Hon. Margaret Emily Townley Mitford, for life, and then for her niece Sybil Mackay; and £200 each to Emily Mitford and the children of the Rev. Charles John Robinson. The residue of her property she leaves between Georgina Townley and Emma Stert.

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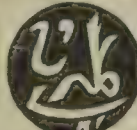
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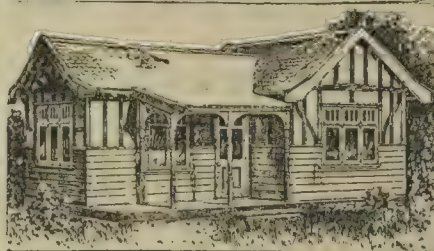
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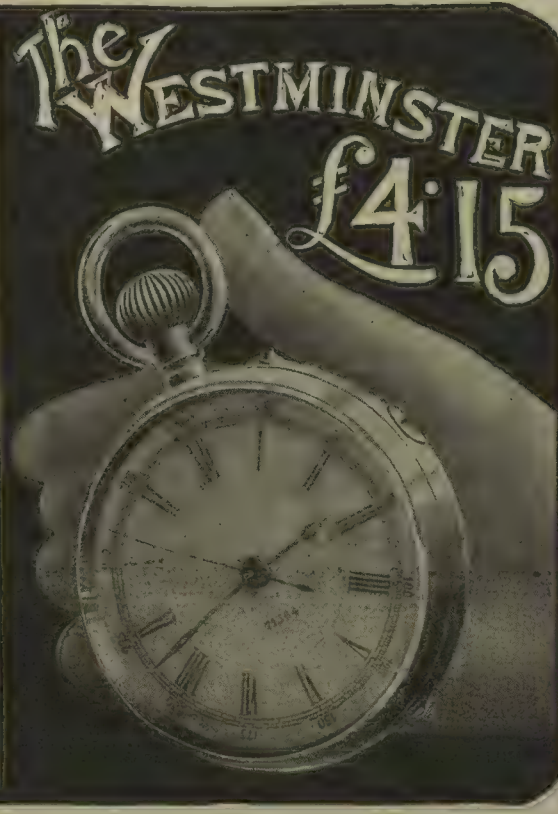
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| 8 | 1 | by | 5 | 2 | 1 | 10 | 12 | 1 | by | 9 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 14 | 6 | by | 9 | 9 | 4 | 7 |
| 8 | 2 | by | 5 | 2 | 1 | 10 | 12 | 6 | by | 9 | 4 | 2 | 19 | 14 | 6 | by | 9 | 4 | 4 | 3 |
| 9 | 4 | by | 9 | 2 | 2 | 12 | 12 | 4 | by | 9 | 3 | 2 | 17 | 14 | 4 | by | 10 | 5 | 4 | 12 |
| 9 | 6 | by | 6 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 12 | 5 | by | 9 | 2 | 3 | 3 | 14 | 2 | by | 9 | 5 | 4 | 8 |
| 9 | 2 | by | 6 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 12 | 1 | by | 9 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 15 | 5 | by | 10 | 4 | 4 | 9 |
| 9 | 4 | by | 6 | 4 | 2 | 2 | 13 | 1 | by | 10 | 2 | 3 | 14 | 15 | 2 | by | 12 | 3 | 5 | 4 |
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| 12 | 6 | by | 9 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 13 | 4 | by | 10 | 3 | 3 | 16 | 15 | 2 | by | 12 | 4 | 5 | 4 |
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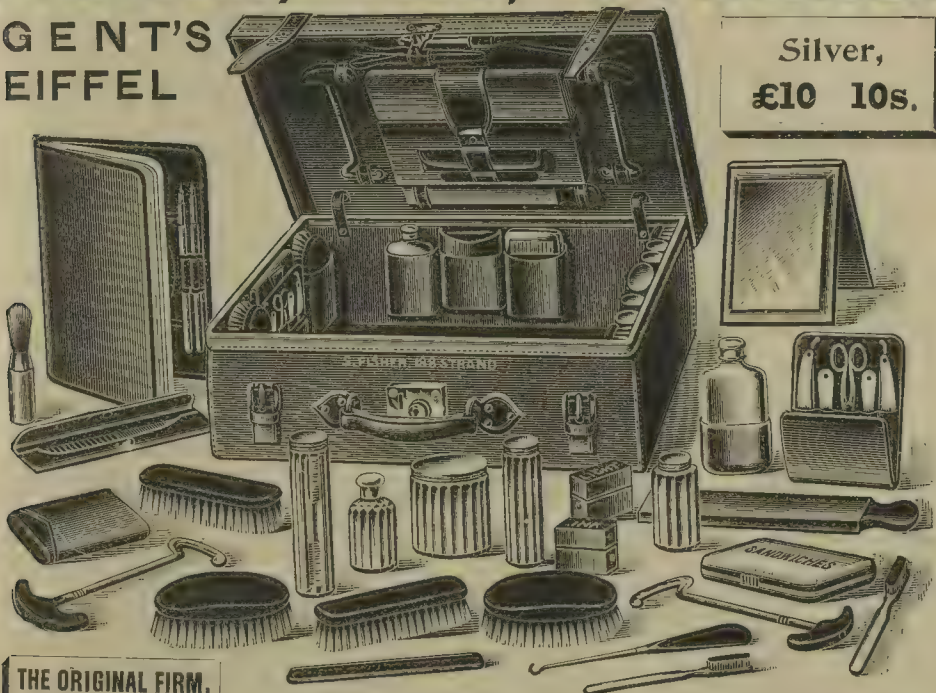
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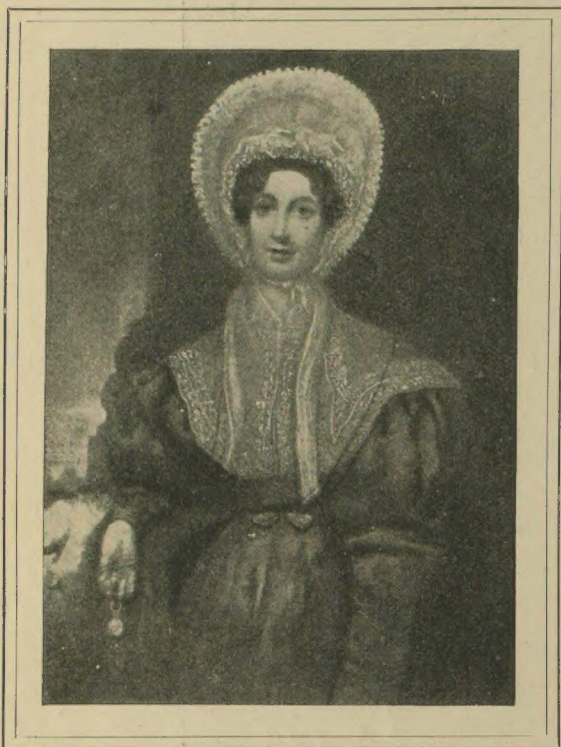
DRAWN BY G. AMATO.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Westcotes. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Bristol: Arrowsmith. 6s.)
The Cat's-paw. By B. M. Croker. (London: Chatto and Windus. 6s.)
Clara in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. (London: Heinemann. 2s. 6d.)
Shooting. By A. Innes Shand. Haddon Hall Library. (London: Dent. 7s. 6d.)
Barbara West. By Keighley Snowden. (John Long. 6s.)
The Black Tulip. By Dumas the Elder. A Century of French Romance Series. (London: Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
Annals of Christ's Hospital. By the Rev. E. H. Pearce. (London: Methuen. 7s. 6d.)
The History of Human Marriage. By Edward Westermarck. Third Edition. (London: Macmillan. 14s.)
The Mystic Rose: A Study of Primitive Marriage. By Ernest Crawley, M.A. (London: Macmillan. 12s.)

When we opened "The Westcotes" and read the epitaph which describes Endymion of that name as "a conspicuous example of that noblest work of God, the



SUSAN FERRIER.

Reproduced from "Marriage," in "The Little Library," by permission of the Publishers, Messrs. Methuen and Co.

English Country Gentleman," the hope surged in us that Mr. Quiller-Couch was about to revive the inimitable, bubbling humour of "Troy Town." That hope was not quite disappointed; but although this volume abounds in quick, fantastic turns of thought and phrase, the austerer quality which distinguishes "The Ship of Stars" is by no means wanting. Perhaps we ought not to regret this, and yet the natural man in us yearns after that erstwhile gaiety and lightness of spirit; our humorists are too few, and we can ill spare Mr. Quiller-Couch from their ranks. Even finished craftsmanship, amazing penetration, and that whimsical element which distinguishes "Q" from his brothers of the pen, do not quite reconcile us to the change. It is rash to hazard a pronouncement, but we are inclined to think that the passage of time alone—or, as Stevenson has it, "the shadows of the prison-house"—should not be held wholly accountable for this development: is not at least a little of the reason to be found in the generous tribute to the work and genius of Mr. Henry James, which forms the dedication to this volume? We are reminded that the words of Mr. Stevenson, just quoted, are also taken from a dedication.

We do not know if Mrs. Croker allows her work to be published in serial form, but certain it is that she has all the art that could be either desired or required by the most ambitious writer whose chapters are broken into ruthlessly by "To be continued in our next." Of this art—for it is an art—"The Cat's-paw" is a fine example: we cannot picture a reader sufficiently callous to lay down unfinished the story of the young lady who went out to India with the intention of marrying a friend of her childhood who, after a lapse of years, had wooed her by stolen letters and a borrowed photograph. Of course, she did not marry him; to say so much will not affect the reader's interest one jot; but this was the beginning of her many adventures in a strange land. It is not exceeding the truth to say that there is not a dull page in Mrs. Croker's new volume. The sketches of Anglo-Indian life are smart and diverting, and Mrs. Croker has a keen insight into character: her judgments, if not remarkably profound, are made with the almost unerring instinct of a good woman. Mrs. Croker finds some virtue even in the despised Eurasian, who is commonly looked upon as being neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring; we do not doubt but that she has some sure foundation for this expression of confidence. Of the real native of the country we have only occasional glimpses, but some of these are amusing: the letter of Jadwall Dass, excusing himself to his employer for absence—"Though not immediate, yet the anticipation of the reproach of reprehending plague (Heaven forbid, to which I am not yet a victim!) is the approximate cause of my non-attendance"—is a good sample of a genuine Baboo epistle. But the whole book is thoroughly bright and fresh. When one remembers the quantity and quality of Mrs. Croker's output, one can only marvel at her continued vivacity and her enviable facility of phrase.

Politicians of every shade of thought, provided they possess a sense of humour, may read with amusement,

and possibly to edification, the travesty of a famous work which appears under the title of "Clara in Blunderland." If the illustrations left any doubt as to the identity of Clara, that would shortly be resolved by the mention of a golf-hole, at getting into which the heroine has no rival, and, later, by the suggestion that Clara is a "child" who never reads the newspapers. In the rather apt parody of the opening verses of "Alice," the author of "Clara" assures us that nothing has been set down in malice, a promise which is on the whole faithfully enough redeemed. Both parties in Parliament are impartially satirised, and only here and there is the lightness of touch marred, as in the allusions to the Welsh members, by a departure from perfect taste. But the fun is undeniable, and the analogies happily conceived. "Crumpty-Bumpy," the famous dual personality, who can maintain his position on a wall, and even be on both sides of it at the same time, affords excellent material for good-natured fooling, and the gas-fed caterpillar, *Winstoniensis vulgaris*, perched on a mushroom and scribbling reams for a fashionable daily, needs no nomenclator; or, if he did, the rhyme with which Clara routs him would be sufficient introduction—

How doth a timely vulture lend
 Improvement to a tale,
 A Verne-Munchausen-Crusoe blend
 That makes De Rougemont pale.

The illustrations are scarcely adequate to the text or worthy parodies of Tenniel's originals.

Mr. Innes Shand is an enthusiast, and his book on "Shooting" is just what his previous writings have taught us to expect. Equally at home on the grouse-moor and the rough grounds where the sportsman never knows on what he may draw trigger next, he describes every variety of sport with the gun in a series of delightful essays which, while never didactic, are full of subtly conveyed hints useful to the beginner. The author is not less a naturalist than a sportsman, and though we may not wholly agree with his dictum that there is "nothing like a passion for shooting to make a practical naturalist," we must admit the existence of an element of truth in the saying. Holding this view, it is not surprising that Mr. Innes Shand should prefer the untrammelled joys of rough shooting with one keeper for companion to the pomp and circumstance of carefully organised pheasant and partridge shooting; at the same time, he thinks—and we agree with him—that the successful wild-fowler is the man who takes the highest honours in the "sporting schools." The author is an authority on game in the kitchen not less than on game in the field; but inclusion of a pleasantly written chapter on cookery suggests that the sportsman is expected to send this nicely got up and well-illustrated volume downstairs for the guidance of his cook. This he is unlikely to do, for its appropriate place is in the smoking-room or library, within easy reach of the armchair.

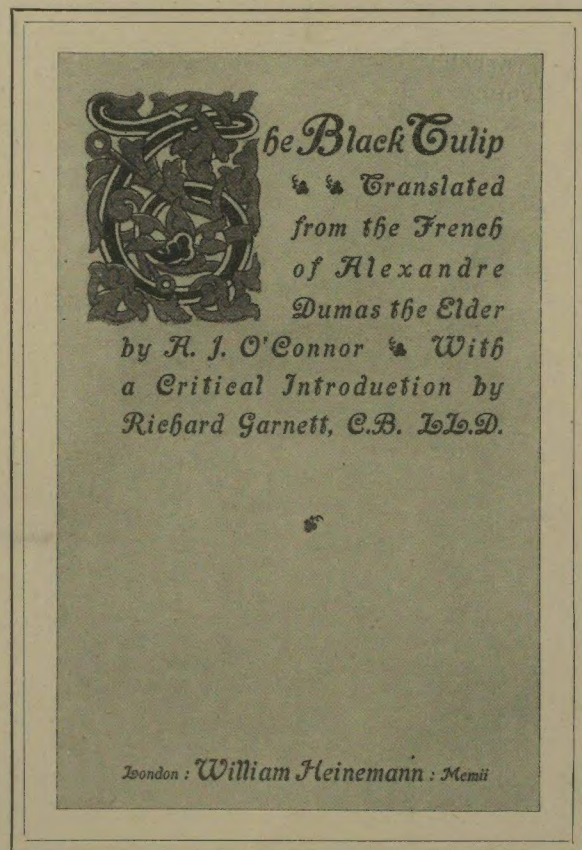
Mr. Keighley Snowden's "Barbara West" has an undeniable purpose. We know that it has a moral; we even perceive what that moral is; yet we close the book with the sense that the author has failed to point it. The reason of this we take to be that Mr. Snowden, whose serious intention we do not fail to appreciate, states a case to which his arguments are not applicable. Either he has not succeeded in making us understand Barbara West's character, or else he has not succeeded in making us understand the quality of his indignation over her downfall. The reader, however, may be advised to judge of this for himself; and promised, in the process, a greater satisfaction than is to be found in most novels.

"A Century of French Romance," the series of translations edited by Dr. Edmund Gosse, should do much to introduce to the younger generation of English readers the best work of the great French writers of fiction. The volume before us, Alexandre Dumas' "The Black Tulip," is excellently well produced. Dr. Richard Garnett provides an interesting critical introduction under the heading of "The Novels of the Elder Dumas"; and there are also included in the volume a brief biographical note and a series of portraits of the famous romancist, the best of which is that which forms the frontispiece. The three coloured plates, though well reproduced, are distinctly disappointing.

Much has been written of the religious, royal, and ancient Foundation of Christ's Hospital; Wilson, Trollope, Leigh Hunt, Charles Lamb, and Coleridge have dealt with it at length, and of fugitive articles, accurate and inaccurate, there have been scores; but, strangely enough, it has remained for a twentieth-century author to produce the first minute history of the famous institution whose charter dates from the sixteenth. No more appropriate time could have been chosen for the publication of the "Annals of Christ's Hospital" than the eve of the school's removal from Newgate Street to the country, and the rumoured abolition of its scholars' quaint and familiar "uniform," probably a direct descendant of "the long outer cloak, the long coarse cassock (of yellow) underneath, and the 'girdle' of the Franciscan monks. Mr. Pearce was himself a "Grecian" and an assistant-master at the school, and he has been privileged to examine thoroughly the voluminous minutes of the courts and committees. The result is a scholarly volume teeming with interesting facts, methodically arranged under appropriate headings. Feeling that no account of the rise and progress of Christ's Hospital which begins with its actual date of foundation can be artistically or historically complete, Mr. Pearce traces its history from the advent of nine monks of the Order of St. Francis to Dover in 1224. Four of these Grey Friars, he tells us, built their cells "in vico Cornhulle," and commenced the work of nurture and education which Christ's Hospital has since carried on. Before long the Franciscans decided that the pleasant eminence of Cornhill was too salubrious, and began to look for other quarters. In their need one John Iwyn, or Ewen, a

mercator, made over to them a property in Stynkyng Lane, in the parish of St. Nicholas Shambles, "for the health of (his) soul, in pure and perpetual alms." Thus it comes that Christ's Hospital stands where it now does. One of the most interesting points raised is the suggestion that the much-maligned Henry VIII., rather than the boy-King, his son, should be credited with the foundation of the school; for he it was who began the good work by presenting the Grey Friars' church to the City after it had been surrendered by the Warden and "Freers" to their "supreme hed vndre God, in erthe, the King's majestie." This "gift" was confirmed by the historical charter of Edward VI., and from that time the Foundation has enjoyed the patronage, if nothing more substantial, of almost every ruler of England. The volume is illustrated with reproductions of old prints and excellent photographs.

Mr. Westermarck dates the new edition of his monumental "History of Human Marriage" from Morocco, a new field for his anthropological research. Mr. Crawley, in naming his volume "The Mystic Rose," had, no doubt, in his mind Dr. Frazer's "Golden Bough," a book he often quotes with undisguised admiration for its author. There is nothing, however, at all visionary or poetical in his treatment of his subject, which does not, within its own scope, differ greatly from that of Mr. Westermarck. This last author has admittedly revolutionised the study of the origins and development of marriage; and the point against him urged by Mr. Crawley is that he has "carried the biological method too far." The importance of primitive psychology and of marriage ceremonies is specially insisted on by Mr. Crawley, who, in his eagerness (a charm otherwise) repeats himself needlessly, piles up instances till they almost overweight themselves, and throws in, besides, a good deal of matter that could be dispensed with as practically irrelevant. Mr. Westermarck, on the other hand, is at times a little sketchy, as when, for instance, he speaks of divorce as an institution of such countries as Italy and Spain. A distinction between State law and Church law in such a case is quite necessary. Both authors agree in believing marriage to be as old as man—his inheritance from the apes. Both agree in repudiating the common idea that free love and promiscuity prevailed or prevails among savages. "Contact with a higher culture has proved pernicious to the morality of savage peoples; and we have some reason to believe that irregular connections have exhibited a tendency to increase along with the progress of civilisation." That is Mr. Westermarck's view; and Mr. Crawley's is kin to it. "One is struck," he says, "by the high morality of primitive man." The very title of Mr. Westermarck's book reads like a challenge. "Human Marriage" implies, as we have hinted, the existence of marriage in other species. Birds are the most married of us all; and their conjugal fidelity is such that they may see Sir Francis Jeune walking home through Lincoln's Inn Fields and know no flutter. Among sparrows, indeed, there are voluntary celibates. These, however, are mere notes by the way. For Mr. Westermarck is



TITLE-PAGE FROM "A CENTURY OF FRENCH ROMANCE."

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true to his title; and has, in fact, so large a subject in hand when he treats merely of "humans" (the word is Mr. Crawley's) that he has no time for even the most tempting of digressions. Marriage by capture, marriage by barter, marriage by consent—all are treated with discernment by our authors, who make civilisation appear bold by the side of the modesty of savage engagements, where the young couple, once affianced, do not speak again until the wedding-day, nor meet either in public or in private. The publicity of the modern honeymoon would be quite overpoweringly immodest in the eyes of many of the dusky couples presented to us in the frank pages of these rival but confirmatory authorities. Both books are as outspoken as science requires; and, rightly read, they are likely enough to be a useful corrective to that "indecent" which Mr. Crawley holds to be the special invention of civilisation.

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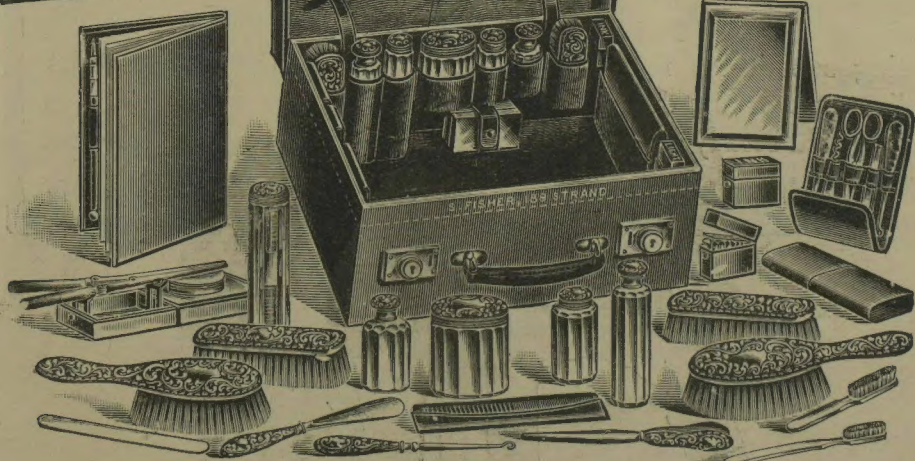
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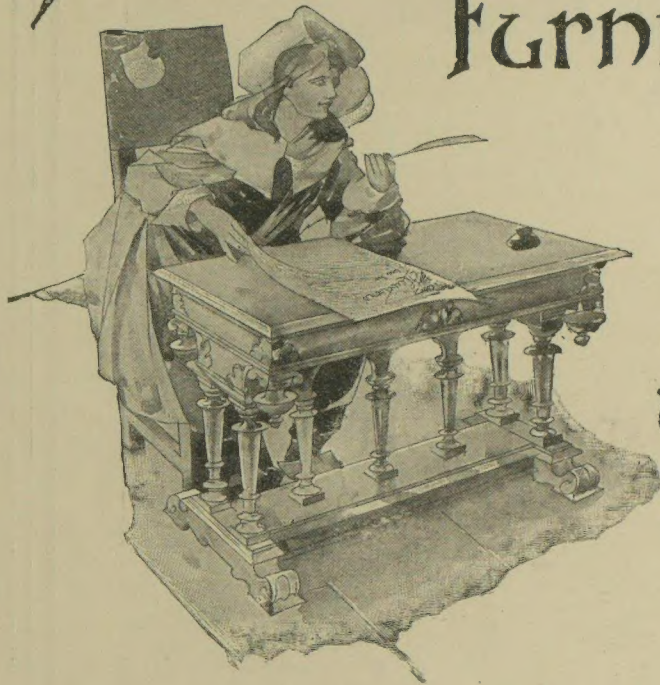
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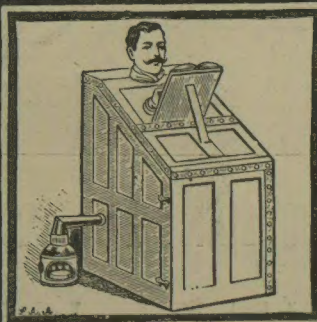
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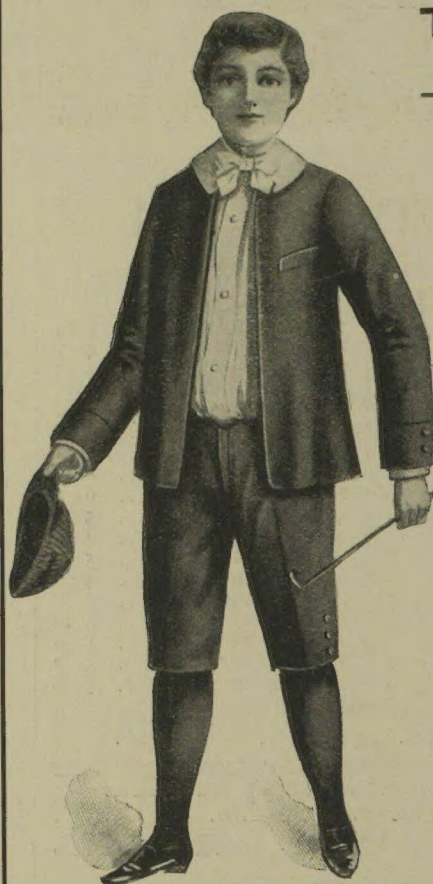
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